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THE nature of the differences of opinion and policy between the French and American governments which peace negotiations have brought to the surface are partly revealed by the recent news. French official opinion is almost unanimously in favor of a peace of the traditional kind—a peace which would seek to perpetuate the victory over Germany by rendering and keeping the German nation powerless to protest against the provisions of the treaty. The chief guaranty of such a peace would consist of an alliance among the victors pledged to fight against any future infringement of the treaty, and this alliance would be cemented by the common interest which all would possess in keeping their particular share of the spoils. It was a peace of this kind which was arranged in the secret treaties and at the Paris Conference, and which, if America had not entered the war, would have sealed an Allied victory. Premier Clemenceau still believes in its desirability, and so apparently does a majority of the French Chamber of Deputies. But they have not a free hand. Without American assistance there would have been no Allied victory, and the American government declines to enter into any alliance based on a community of interest which depends on the subordination of justice to power politics. The French government, consequently, is willing and prepared to make certain concessions. It consents to a League of Nations in which its chief does not believe, and it is willing to pay for a League by withdrawing certain unspecified particular claims. But it still insists on some of its physical guaranties, and it still interprets the word justice to mean chiefly the punishment of Germany and future discrimination against her. We infer from the President's Manchester speech that he consents to such an arrangement. That is his reason for asserting that an eventual agreement is in sight.

NEITHER are we left entirely in the dark as to the nature of the special claims upon which France still insists. The French government asks in the first place for a renewal of the license which it obtained under its secret arrangement with the Tsar's government to draw the new boundary between France and Germany. M. Pichon did not state just what line his government proposed to draw, but apparently it intends to appropriate the Saar Valley which previous to 1815 was part of Alsace-Lorraine. The excuse given for annexing this district which is inhabited by Germans is the same that Bismarck used in 1871 to annex Metz to Germany, viz., its military value in the event of another war, but the Saar Valley contains some valuable coal deposits which would be useful to Frenchmen in rendering the Lorraine iron deposits commercially more valuable. In addition, France does not apparently wish to be embarrassed by any obligations to a League of Nations and its principles in dealing with Russia. The French government is determined to destroy the Soviet Republic and to establish in its place some kind of Russian government which, whatever its general character, will pay the debts contracted by the former Russian Empire. As to indemnities and colonies, nothing definite is said about them. But France's economic policy in her existing dependen-

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cies ignores the principle of the Open Door, which the American government has sought to impose on other nations but ignored itself.

ASSUMING the foregoing account of the result of the negotiations between the French and American governments to be substantially true, what chance does it offer of an ultimate agreement? Would an agreement on the indicated basis render possible the formation of a League of Free Nations, of which America would become and remain a loyal member? The New Republic does not believe that it would. If France uses the Allied victory to annex the Saar Valley, her action in so doing would have precisely the same moral significance and the same international results as a German annexation of the Briey iron district would have had. It would be a clear example of the politics of power and of the predatory nationalism which is incompatible with any organized international community. Even more incompatible with the spirit and purposes of a League of Free Nations is the proposed French policy with respect to Russia, which can have no result but the reestablishment of an autocratic military government in that woe-begone and distracted country. President Wilson may or may not have implied by his Manchester speech a willingness to consent to concessions of this kind. But one assertion we will take the risk of categorically affirming. America will form no permanent part of a League of Nations which permits such infringements of the principles of international right. American soldiers will not go to France in order to protect French occupation of the Saar Valley and the American nation will not connive for long at a policy which converts the restoration of order into an excuse for imposing on Russia a new but equally galling military autocracy.

ONLY in one respect did the result of the British elections differ from the expectations of the majority of observers. The number of Asquith Liberals returned was less than the ordinary estimate. The Liberal party except as one member of a Coalition has almost disappeared. The question now is whether it will disappear entirely during the life of the new Parliament and be divided among the Tory and the Labor parties, or whether it will survive as the spokesman of a policy intermediate between that of the Tories and that of the Laborites. No one can answer the question with any assurance; but the mere fact that any one can seriously put it is ominous and will have an immediate political effect. There will be a tendency for the Asquith and the Coalition Liberals to reunite, and this tendency will be intensified by the very magnitude of Lloyd George's victory. The Tory element in the Coalition is excessively strong. Plus the Irish Unionists, it possesses a clear majority of the House, and flushed with such a surplus of power it will naturally be impatient of conceding many offices and bills to the Liberals in return for Liberal support. Under the circumstances the size of the Coalition majority may soon become a source of weakness rather than of strength to Lloyd George. The majority itself will soon tend to disintegrate. Controversies of the new Parliament will be more rather than less violent and continuous because the controlling majority is supposed to be an overwhelming nonpartisan Coalition. The career of the new House is likely to be brief and almost certain to be exceptionally stormy.

THE complete victory by Sinn Fein in Ireland is partly a manifestation of radicalism but it is much more an overwhelming rush of Irish opinion into the form moulded by the Allied doctrine of self-determination. That doctrine opened the door, as nothing before had ever done, to the main contention of most Irishmen. Before the war, it is true, the Nationalists were willing to accept "Home Rule," a much modified self-government that bore only a faint resemblance to self-dominion. But Home Rule got its death-blow when President Wilson adopted and preached self-determination. If that were sauce for the goose, the Irish said, it should be sauce for the gander. The position of the Nationalists, hanging on to the advocacy of a grudging concession like Home Rule, became obviously untenable, and an entirely new set of men have been elected on the basis of President Wilson's principle. Does this principle of self-determination apply to Ireland? It is not easy to see on what honest ground it can be denied. The existence of an Ulster minority is no more a reason for denying self-determination to the Irish than the existence of German minorities in the new central European republics is a reason for taking away the latter's self-determination. What minorities must have is a guaranty, not a veto. The difficulty of guaranteeing Ulster provides no adequate excuse for refusing to apply self-determination to Ireland.

UNLESS the Allies desire the success of the Spartacides, an alliance between them and the Russian Soviets and the throwing of the whole of central and eastern Europe into famine and anarchy, the food problem in Germany must be promptly attacked. Though we have no statistics we do know that unless food is imported into Germany the people will be starving within a few months, if not sooner. It was the growing food shortage, among other factors, that caused the

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collapse of the Central Powers and since the armistice conditions have become worse. Germany can no longer draw supplies from Austria, Rumania and the Ukraine, and the industrial districts, like Saxony and Westphalia, are not even sure of their supplies from Bavaria and other agricultural regions. Even before the armistice the system of food regulation had broken down and under the present régime the administration of the onerous food laws can hardly have been improved. The problem, moreover, is not only one of total supply but of distribution, and this in turn depends upon the railroads and their rolling stock and upon the maintenance of a stable government, which in turn depends upon the people being fed. To feed the German people, moreover, is a more complicated and difficult administrative feat than was our task in Belgium, for Germany's population is ten times and her area eighteen times the population and area of Belgium. The matter is one for immediate study and prompt action; another month or two of procrastination may throw the whole country into chaos and render any complete solution of the problem impossible.

NO valuable political innovation can under existing conditions establish itself securely in the world without first creating and then overcoming certain salutary enmities. The proposed League of Free Nations can certainly be proud of the enemies it has made. The ranks of its enemies are gradually coming to include all those elements in American opinion which in one form or another are indifferent to human rights and subordinate them to class or national or individual interests. They inevitably include the supporters of organizations, such as the American Defense Society and the Navy League to whom Americanism is a jealous intolerant tribal god. They naturally include Republican Senators who divine the incompatibility between protectionist capitalism and the organization of international cooperation. They naturally include "old fashioned Democrats" such as Senators Reed and Hoke Smith who are wedded to the practice and the dogma of national irresponsibility. Finally they were bound to include William Randolph Hearst, to whom Americanism has always assumed the form of a headstrong and intolerant chauvinism. Hearst has now definitely aligned himself with the other opponents of the League and his adhesion is the expression of a genuine community of purpose. They all bring to politics either exclusive interests or exclusive passions such as fear, hatred and ill will. Those whose political opinions are dominated by fear and hatred are fundamentally allied even though the object of their fear and hatred may be different. The man who is vindictive against the Germans today will in another year or two and on another occasion be vindictive against the Japanese or against the English.

The Lone Hand

OF all living statesmen the figure of President Wilson stands out as the most solitary. That is the chief point in the indictment brought against him by his foes. It is admitted by his friends; regretfully, even despairingly by some, hopefully and triumphantly by others. Throughout the course of events leading up to the war, throughout the war itself and the negotiations leading to the armistice, the President has stood alone. He stands alone now, in his labor of forging out a new world order. He listens indeed to the opinions of his associates, American and Allied. He explores the accessible sources of information, apparently with extraordinarily concentrated attention. But he does not make up his judgments by a comparison of the judgments of other men. He does not arrive at policies by a process of accommodation between divergent ideas or interests. He may yield but he does not compromise. Other statesmen have always an eye to the supporting forces behind them. Not so President Wilson. At least, if he has cherished a desire for sympathetic support in public opinion, he has given no sign of it. To those in America who have backed him most warmly he has been most cold. By instinct or by conscious choice he plays a lone hand.

What articulate political force, at home or abroad, found expression in the President's note of December 18, 1916, summoning all the belligerents to a statement of war aims and announcing that the United States was as vitally interested as the governments then at war in the measures to be taken to secure the future peace of the world? That note, as almost everyone now recognizes, was a necessary step toward the clarification of the issues of the war. It elicited the replies that made it clear to all thinking men that a world organized for peace and freedom might be established upon the basis of Allied victory, but would remain inconceivable under Allied defeat. It erected a moral foundation for the American belligerency that was to turn the tide of the war. But at the time when the note was launched it was certainly not welcome to the governments of the Allied nations. It was received with execration by those factions in America that were in favor of an immediate declaration of war upon Germany, and with indifference or

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with misgivings by the great majority whose desire at the time was the maintenance of the status of neutrality. President Wilson acted for himself, according to his own insight. He acted for himself when he issued to the world (address to the Senate, Jan. 22, 1917) the declarations that "there must be, not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace"; "that no peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand about peoples from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." In the declaration of war the President may be said to have had the support of the majority, at least of the active majority. But who in America or elsewhere was called into consultation when the President formulated his fourteen points of Jan. 8, 1918, his four points of February 11th, and his five points of Sept. 27th? In elaborating this American charter of world peace, President Wilson worked alone. The current tradition has it that when the conjuncture demands new action, action upon which turn issues of tremendous import, the President rises betimes and paces his room, reaching conclusions with his own soul and his Maker. That may well be. Certainly the President's pronouncements have fallen upon the world, for the most part with their contents anticipated but dimly if at all. They bear an individual impress, not the character of the product of group thinking and group will.

It was to this exemplar of isolated statecraft that the German government addressed its note of Oct. 5th. "The German government requests the President of the United States to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all the belligerent states of this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations." At this point did the President call into conference his associates at home and abroad? Possibly, but his next move was characteristic. It was an inquiry to the German government, designed to shape up the preliminary negotiations precisely to his specifications. The first definite intimation we have of Allied influence exerted upon the President's policy appears in the note of October 23rd. "The Allied governments have given careful consideration to the correspondence that has passed between the President of the United States and the German government. Subject to the qualifications which follow" the Allied governments were ready to make peace. Those qualifications concerned the freedom of the seas and reparation for damages to civilian property. Those were points in which the President may be said to have yielded. But no amount of exaggeration of those points can make a compromise document out of the general body of principles under which Germany was invited to surrender. So far as the Allies are bound, they are bound by the limitations the President has worked out, one by one, and promulgated without the antecedent advice or consent of any nation or any party.

From such information as is available about the President's activities in Europe, we seem justified in believing that he is still playing a lone hand. He has conferred with the leaders of the Allied governments. Doubtless they have pointed out many difficulties in the application of his principles of peace. Doubtless they have exhibited to him numerous occasions where accommodation is necessary. But all we know about the result is the repeated assertion of the President that he is meeting with agreement. "I have had the privilege, Sir, of conferring with the leaders of your own government and with the spokesmen of the governments of France and Italy, and I am glad to say that I have the same conceptions that they have of the significance and scope of the duty on which we have met. We have used great words, all of us have used the great words 'right' and 'justice,' and now we are to prove whether or not we understand these words." Thus the President in his reply to the King of England, December 27th. That is not the voice of a man who has been effecting a system of compromises, but of one who holds steadfastly to his own view, intending to enforce it if he can, and appealing to something beyond statecraft and politics for his support, to "the great moral tide now running in the world" which it is safer to yield to than to resist.

Whether it is wise or unwise to play a lone hand depends entirely upon the cards one holds. What are the President's cards, that he dares thus to challenge the whole world's experienced diplomatists, in the serene confidence that out of the riot of turbulent national ambitions he will be able to build a clean peace? They are the freedom of American war aims from selfish aspirations; the inherently democratic appeal of the President's principles; and the fact that those principles have been so interwoven with the course of events that their flat repudiation would entail dishonor. If the United States desired lands or indemnities or trading privileges, no spokesman of the nation could escape the necessity of compromising on every point of the peace programme. Say that America wanted a colony for selfish reasons and a League of Peace on unselfish grounds. She would have to negotiate away some of the effectiveness of the League in order to get support for her colonial aspirations. That is the first factor in the President's strength. It is an immensely significant factor.

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But the second factor is perhaps even more significant. Examine the several points in the President's peace programme. Do they not make very much the same kind of appeal to democrats of today that the Declaration of Independence made to eighteenth century American democrats? Such principles may be derided as vague by the legal metaphysicians or be repudiated as pernicious by those who are steeped in the doctrine of Realpolitik. But the Lodges and the Roosevelts may say what they will; American democrats will find the principles inherently reasonable. Open diplomacy; no economic discrimination; the destruction of arbitrary power to make war; no handing about of provinces without the people's consent; the extension to international relations of the code of honor governing domestic relations; who would care to stand before the democracy as an antagonist of such principles as these? Even the organization of permanent peace; historians, political philosophers and statesmen may doubt the possibility; but the average democrat is a man who has faith that institutions in themselves worth living have the power of self-perpetuation. The American state itself is a monument to democratic faith in the possibility of realizing what common sense pronounces desirable.

The ideas out of which President Wilson has built his policy are derived with singular purity from the accepted political assumptions of the average man, the plain democrat. They are no more the product of the collective will than are the principles of Anglo-Saxon common law. Those principles were not thought of as the invention of the judges who first formulated them, nor as the emanation of the common will. The judge was a law finder; he discovered principles inherent in the nature of man in society. President Wilson did not invent democratic principles or derive them from an informal plebiscite. He found them in the nature of an international democratic society. The Allied nations were using the great word democracy, to differentiate their moral position from that of the Germans. They introduced the concept of democracy into the field of international relations. President Wilson deduced the concrete consequences of democracy applied in such conditions. Those consequences had to be accepted, at least tacitly, if the Allied claim to moral superiority were to stand.

The President's principles need no explicit national or partisan acceptance because they bear a character of democratic self-evidence like "equality before the law," or "consent of the governed." But, further, they have been removed from the field of abstract ideals by their immersion in the stream of events. When we entered the war the President's principles had already been set forth, at least tentatively. The Allies, who besought our aid, had been given notice by the President of the American conception of their war objects. If the American conception was defective, the Allied nations were under moral obligation to correct it. If they were fighting, not for a better world, but for provinces and colonies and tribute, good faith required them to assert the fact plainly before accepting our assistance. They made no such assertion. Parallel with the unfolding of American military power and with the disclosure of the increasing dependence of the Allied cause upon American resources, American war aims as expounded by President Wilson assumed more and more definite shape. If our Allies were not inclined to accept a peace based on the fourteen points, they were free to assert the fact. They did not. They permitted processes of stupendous import to go forward on the assumption that those principles had been accepted. And, since the armistice, President Wilson has repeatedly intimated the existence of substantial agreement of America and her Allies. Is that agreement a fact? It has not been denied.

Why did governments which we have every reason to believe would prefer a different settlement acquiesce in President Wilson's proposals, or at least tacitly permit an appearance of acquiescence, so that any wide departure from them must inevitably stamp the peace as a fraud? Their moral case rested with their democratic claims. At no time before the German collapse would it have been safe for any Allied statesman openly to repudiate democracy, or the obvious corollaries from the principles of democracy that made up President Wilson's war aims and peace proposals. And even since the signing of the armistice, with rumblings of revolution over the horizon, it has not been safe to flout democracy.

The President has played a skilful and a powerful game. It is hard to see how he can in the end be forced to yield anything essential within reach of democratic common sense. The peace treaty, it seems certain, will appear to represent a notable advance upon the old order. Indemnities, if levied at all, will have to be adjusted to a common sense instinct of damages for injuries borne. Annexations will have to be limited to such boundary "rectifications" as do not strikingly violate the principle of the consent of the governed. Commercial discriminations, if any are permitted, will have to clothe themselves with a garb of fairness. Formally, at least, a community of power will replace the balance of power.

That is something, but perhaps not much. Not improbably, it is too little to give vitality to the

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international institutions the President seeks to establish. The fundamental principles derivable from the democratic instinct can after all serve only for the erection of a charter, which may or may not be transmuted into a working institution. For such a working institution there is instant need. How are we to restore order in Russia? What are we going to do to prevent the spread of Bolshevism in Germany? How are we going to cooperate for the commercial and industrial rehabilitation of the nations crippled by the war? On all such international questions, and they are legion, the principles of democratic common sense throw no clear light. They are questions on which liberalism and conservatism, within the general democratic body, will be divided in opinion. The President must have decided views on them. He must know that the prosperity and the usefulness of the League turns upon them. But he has been at no pains to constitute a party that will support him in his battle for the better view. That view may prevail, but if it does, it will be by virtue of a less isolated policy on the part of liberal statesmen in other countries. And if the better view does not prevail, that will in part be due to the President's predilection for playing a lone hand.

Revolution vs. Reaction in Russia

IF we may accept as true the most recent reports from Paris a general agreement with respect to an Allied policy in Russia is being reached. French and British statesmen have abandoned the plan of sending into Russia an army of American, English or French soldiers large enough to overthrow the Soviet Republic. The opposition which additional military intervention incurred both from the American government and from French and British labor rendered it undesirable to press this drastic method of restoring order in Russia. An alternative plan is apparently being worked out, which seeks the same purpose by slower but not less efficacious means. The Soviet Republic is to be isolated, surrounded by a cordon of hostile states and starved into submission.

The execution of this plan is already well under way. Allied armies have occupied all the ports through which Russians can communicate with other nations. Archangel, Kola and Vladivostok are already held in force. French marines have recently been landed in Odessa, and preparations are being made to support them with a larger French force. Finland after having accepted German domination is to be forgiven and to be organized into an anti-Soviet Republic. Poland and Lithuania will bar any direct communication between Germany and central Russia. All these enclosing territories in Finland, Poland, the Ukraine and Siberia will be used as bases for anti-Soviet military and other operations. Soviet Russia deprived of contact with the outside world and of food supplies from Siberia and the Ukraine, helpless itself to restore the material equipment needed for industry and agriculture and beset by Finns, Cossacks, Siberians, emigré Russians, Czechs and the various Allied forces will be unable to sustain a prolonged resistance. Either the Soviets will be forced to surrender and to accept any terms proposed by their enemies, or else the Russian people, desperate from famine and distress will themselves put an end to the present regime. In that case the emigrés would return supported by the white guards which would in the meantime be organized in the Ukraine, Finland and Siberia; and they could set up in Russia a government backed by a military force sufficient to suppress any local resistance or any future tendency to "disorder."

The plan certainly offers an excellent promise of success. The Bolshevists would be unable to oppose it except by the same means with which they tried to oppose the German army—that is, propaganda. But in this case, as in the case of the German army, opposition by propaganda would be impotent unless their own efforts were supplemented by less imponderable assistance from other sources. Can such assistance be obtained? American statesmanship and British and French labor have probably barred the way to the dispatch of additional Allied troops to Russia. Will they be willing to connive at this alternative method of destroying the Soviet Republic and substituting for it a "law and order government"?

The New Republic cannot believe that American statesmanship and British and French liberalism will consent. The plan of starving the Soviets out is in many respects more ruthless, inhuman and dangerous to the future of civilization than the plan of direct Allied military intervention. A sufficient Allied army of occupation, repugnant as it would be to the instinct of democratic peoples, would at least do a quick and thorough job and prevent unnecessary bloodshed. If it were under American control it would not favor any one among the anti-Soviet factions; and it would try to see that the elections to a constituent assembly were fair. But the alternative plan unless the resistance quickly collapses would starve and drive morally desperate millions of people. It would reduce central Russia to a human desert which could not for generations recover social vitality. The only government which could flourish in such a wilderness would be a military dictatorship which like

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that of the Romanoffs would insist on unquestioning obedience. Its own behavior and standing would be such that it could not afford to permit any criticism, to tolerate any constitutional opposition, or to seek any basis of popular consent except fear.

Democratic governments would, one would think, aim above all to safeguard Russia and the world against so disastrous a reaction from the Russian revolution, yet officials in Paris, London and even in Washington, contemplate its happening with apparent complacency. Their whole effort is to define the issue between the Soviet Republic and its enemies as an issue between order and anarchy, and in this way to sanction in advance any amount of autocratic authority and any employment of military coercion as necessary to order. They are perfectly willing to cooperate with Russian emigré chiefs, such as Admiral Kolchak and General Denikine, who are frank monarchist reactionaries, and their present plans would, if successful, result in placing Russia and the Russians at the mercy of such people for an indefinite period. Hence it is that many Russian liberals, such as Kerensky, who formerly favored intervention now oppose it, because they distrust the policy and the purposes of the Allied governments in Russia. Hence it is also that many Social Revolutionaries, such as Gorky, who were hostile to the Bolshevists have recently rallied to their support. They fear Kolchak and Denikine more than they do Lenine. Asked to choose between the revolution even with Bolshevism and a monarchist reaction, they are for Bolshevism.

It is a vicious and a fatal policy for the governments of democracies to erect Bolshevism into a pretext for supporting reactionary Russian monarchism. If there is any one consummation which would be most likely to undo the work which the Allied victory has accomplished for the liberation of the peoples of central Europe, it would be the restoration in Russia of a bureaucratic military government. Such a government, both because of the huge mass of the Russian people and the large army which it would need to coerce the Russian people, would soon become a danger to the security of its neighbors, and this insecurity would compel them to sacrifice their autonomy and to draw together into some kind of effective military combination. The forces of attraction and repulsion which resulted in the formation of the German, Austrian and Russian empires would again dominate central Europe. They would in one way or another produce a group of competing and suspicious states which would resume the old business of oppressing minorities, conscripting peoples and subordinating popular welfare to the inexorable demands of military organization and policy. The old empires were not accidents. They were born of the retarded national development and the more acute condition of international disorder which prevailed in that region during the several centuries when modern Europe was being formed. If their destruction is to be final, the economic and social development of these peoples must be accelerated by the prevention or at least the discouragement of central European disorder and insecurity. A military dictatorship in Russia would perpetuate this condition of international unrest. Any physical "order" which it was strong enough to impose on the Russian nation would be the outward and visible sign not of a social order but of sheer moral violence.

The policy of the western democracies in Russia should above everything else seek to avoid a military dictatorship and the renewal of a highly centralized irresponsible administration. Russia is so huge and the Russian people are so prolific that their neighbors will never be safe and Europe will never settle down as long as they are organized in a way which permits military and political aggression. It is hard to understand the blindness of French and British statesmanship in this matter. Ever since the Russian Revolution they have labored unceasingly to reestablish a "strong" government in Russia—meaning thereby a government which exercised complete administrative control of the resources and energies of the Russian people, just as the American government during the war exercised complete control over American resources and energy. Such a government has not proved to be physically possible; and they should have known enough of conditions in Russia to understand its impossibility. But if it were possible, its immediate military advantages to an anti-German combination would have been outweighed by its grave political disadvantages. A "strong" Russian government would erect an impassable barrier to any political organization of central Europe, except one determined by a preponderance or a balance of military forces. It would mean inevitably the perpetuation or the revival in some form of German and Austrian imperialism and under the new conditions the encouragement of a Polish imperialism.

French and British statesmen have done their best to destroy the most salutary aspect of the Russian revolutionary democracy—its fear of an authoritative centralized government and its preference for a loose political organization. Napoleon predicted that Europe would become republican or Cossack. Europe was saved during the nineteenth century from becoming Cossack by the corruption and inefficiency of the Tsarist bureaucracy. It is now becoming republican, but we have to thank God

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for this result rather than the political leadership of the western democracies. They have tried to keep Russia Cossack and to prevent it from being republican. They could never dismiss from their minds the analogy of the French Revolution which resulted in the formation of a vigorous national democracy whose strength, although impaired by internal disputes, was nourished on the dogma of national indivisibility. But a Russian national democracy after the centralized French example might be more dangerous to the peace of Europe than a Romanoff empire. Europe could tolerate a vigorous development of French nationalism because the French were not numerous enough to over-run Europe. But any similar development of Russian nationalism, no matter whether it was or was not ostensibly democratic, would imperil the independence of all European peoples who could be reached and overwhelmed by a really national Russian army.

In seeking to form a loose federal republic, in spite of the opposition of all the western democratic governments, the Russians were acting on a wise conception of their own interests and of the common interests of all peoples. Instead of accepting from the old regime a centralized bureaucracy as did the French republicans, and thereby surrendering themselves to an instrument which they could not control, the Russians started by destroying the Tsarist bureaucracy and by substituting for it its most complete possible political opposite. They went back to the local and trade assembly in which all sound working democracy originated, and sought to build up a general political organization by federating these territorial or trade councils. Their poor success up to date in keeping these assemblies democratic is not surprising. Surrounded as they were by enemies who had no sympathy with their aims and who never consulted Russian popular interests or needs, handicapped as their government was by the destruction of the material and social equipment of Russia, they could not be expected to succeed. Yet they are groping in a direction which may well lead them to a source of political light at once for themselves, for Europe and the future of popular government. They are attempting to constitute political and social units which will provide a training ground for democratic citizenship, and which will be too tough and too deeply rooted to permit themselves to be overgrown by a bureaucratic centralization. They realize what they have suffered and lost from an official, administrative caste which exploited and cultivated popular political ignorance and indifference. They fear a centralized democracy just as we Americans did when our democracy was young. They have the more reason to fear it, because their bureaucracy has been corrupt, ignoble and oppressive. They are struggling blindly and wildly but still justifiably for some method of escape.

Instead of having their escape barred they deserve all the assistance from the western democracies which one people can render to another. The dominant object of French, British and American policy towards Russia should be to assist the Russians in founding a government which, whatever else it may be, is at least an experiment in constitutional democracy. The Soviet Republic has in it the possibilities of such a democratic experiment. The present control of the Soviet by the Bolshevists and the capture of the Soviet Republic by a proletarian dictatorship is traceable to fugitive causes derived from the war and the revolution. It does not imply a necessary association between Soviet government and Bolshevism any more than the capture of the French Convention by the Jacobins involved a necessary association between a constituent assembly and a government by terror. The western democracies should seek to untie the association between the Soviets and Bolshevism rather than to tie the knot closer. They need in Russia precisely the loose, inoffensive, not too well organized democracy, preoccupied with its own internal problems, which a Soviet Republic, in so far as it was successful, would probably become. Yet they are doing their best to include the Soviet democracy in the condemnation which they are justified in fastening on a proletarian dictatorship. They are forcing on Russia as the only alternative to anarchy and foreign intervention the detested and discredited yoke of a centralized military bureaucracy.

The connection between the Soviet Republic and the proletarian dictatorship will never be broken by coercion. It can only be broken by striking at those economic and social evils which have enabled the Bolshevists to capture the Soviets. Bolshevism like French Jacobinism was able to usurp political power because the popular mind was possessed by hunger, fear, suspicion and despair. Its power is being perpetuated by the apparent intention of the governments of all other peoples to intensify this hunger, fear, suspicion and despair. The German plan of isolating Russia and starving the central Russians is now being imitated by the Allies. They are starving the Russians in order to place in power emigré monarchists such as Kolchak and Denikine. This policy must be reversed unless the western democratic goverments propose to involve democracy in Russia in the same ruin as the proletarian dictatorship. Let them begin by assuring Russians that they will not cooperate with a reactionary dictatorship any more than they will with a revolutionary dictatorship and that they will not connive

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at the substitution of a white or a black terror for the red terror. Let them prove their interest in the welfare of the Russian people by sending into Soviet Russia the indispensable economic assistance, which could be done without prejudice by using the powerful and independent agency of the Russian cooperative societies. While this assistance was being rendered, let them put the Soviets on probation. Let them make future recognition of the Soviet Republic depend first upon a clear demonstration of its future ability to govern with the consent of the preponderant element in Russian public opinion, and upon its renunciation of organized revolutionary propaganda in other countries. In this way the Soviets with their democratic possibilities might be separated from the proletarian dictatorship and started on a career of orderly constitutional development. Such a policy would incur the danger of all such plans of breaking down in practice, but it would have incontestable advantages over the plan which the Allied governments are now putting into execution. It would strike at the cause of Bolshevism rather than the symptoms. It would alleviate rather than increase the sufferings of the Russian people. It would, if successful, tend to promote self-government and popular education in Russia rather than popular ignorance, irresponsibility, stagnation and oppression.

An Unoffending Army

THE Judge Advocate General has issued his annual report for the period from the outbreak of the war to June 30, 1918. The report enables us to see what kinds of offenses have been committed by our officers and soldiers during the first fifteen months of the war.

In the year ending June 30, 1918, there was an average of 1,600,000 soldiers in the American army subject to army discipline and correction. This number is larger than the population of any city in the country except New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. But as most crimes are committed by adult males and not by women and children and as the ages of our soldiers exactly correspond to the ages during which most crimes are committed by adult males, we might reasonably expect to find a vast amount of criminality in the army. Other conditions being equal, the criminality of a million, six hundred thousand men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one might fairly be compared with that of a general population of from six to ten millions of people.

To discover the actual amount of criminality in the army we must inquire into the machinery for the administration of military justice. There are three kinds of military courts, summary, special and general courts-martial. The summary court, in which a single officer administers justice, corresponds approximately to the police court judge, and passes on minor offenses which are just beyond the competence of the company commander. During the period from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1918, some two hundred and fifty thousand cases, in the main trifling, came before these summary courts. Cases of greater gravity are brought before special courts-martial, in which five officers sit. In the period in question about fifteen thousand cases of this nature were so handled. Finally there are the general courts-martial which try only the gravest offenders. In these courts thirteen officers sit, the government being represented by a trial judge advocate or by an assistant judge advocate and the accused by counsel of his own choosing or, if he does not choose, by counsel assigned to him or finally by the judge advocate acting both as prosecutor and defender. The general court-martial tries soldiers, officers, general prisoners and all others subject to military law, and it may impose dishonorable discharge upon a soldier, dismissal upon an officer, long terms of imprisonment and finally the penalty of death.

During the (approximately) fifteen months of war ending June 30, 1918, these general courts-martial tried only 12,357 persons of whom 12,202 were officers and men.

These statistics prove that the army was extraordinarily well behaved during the war. In the year 1918 (ending June 30, 1918) the average number of men in the army was ten times as great as the year before (1,600,000 as compared with 160,000). Yet while the number of soldiers increased 900 per cent the number of cases brought before the general courts-martial increased much less than 100 per cent. In 1917 there had been one case to every 21 men; in 1918 there was one case to every 138 men.

The reason for this immunity from offenses was that the army of 1918 was a better army than that of 1917, was kept busier, was higher-keyed and had better ideals. Under the pre-war system of enlistment a larger proportion of men came from the lowest edge of life, from undisciplined and often reckless and dissolute persons who were losing out in the struggle. The army was less highly regarded in peace times and therefore had a lower morale. The life was uninteresting, and men bored with the daily routine of drilling for no good reasons that they could see were likely to get out of hand. By April 1917 all this had changed and men enlisted or were drafted into the army who would never have gone in except under the stimulus of war. In 1918 the soldiers underwent an intensive training which left them no time to go on the loose. There was

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also the near prospect of the fight. To men who were to risk their lives in the grimmest warfare the world has ever seen, the usual uninteresting crimes of soldiers seemed tame affairs. The nearer the chance of actual fighting, moreover, the lower the rate of soldier criminality. It is significant that the number of offenses committed by American soldiers in Europe was much smaller than of those committed by the same soldiers in the training camps at home. The divisions which saw early service abroad suffered few convictions while the record of divisions condemned to inactivity at home was much worse. In ten months the twenty-sixth (Rainbow) division at the front had only twenty-five cases before the general courts-martial although in the same period the thirty-eighth, which was being interminably drilled in the cutover lands of Mississippi, had three hundred sixty-nine cases or almost fifteen times as many.

Not only do men not commit serious offenses so long as the war is young and interesting but they do not desert. In 1918 there were only 1,553 approved cases of conviction for desertion as against 3,640 in 1915 and even a larger number in 1909 (4,682), although in the meanwhile the army had increased more than ten fold. Moreover the nearer the man was to the enemy the less likely was he to leave the colors. The divisions actually fighting or preparing for the fight show the smallest proportion of deserters while those divisions that had no chance to "get across" show the largest proportion. Men desert from boredom—not from fear.

The war also changed the nature of offenses. Of course the motives for committing offenses are totally different in the army from those of civil life, for in the army there is no destitution, no starvation, no worry concerning the future. There is always a good deal of petty larceny among men occupying the same tent but the great volume of crime arising from want or from the chances of rapid and immense financial gain is lacking at all times among the soldiers. During the war there were fewer cases of larceny than before and fewer cases of drunkenness. On the whole the morale of the army was high because interest was keen and the men were on their mettle.

It was Tolstoi, we believe, who said that most nations are happy at the beginning of a war. Especially is this true if the nation is very powerful and has not fought a serious war for many years. There is a delight in the unfolding of the nation's strength, in being a part of this strength and in losing one's self in a new gigantic national solidarity. We in America finished the war before we had passed through this stage, and these statistics of courts-martial into which we have dipped reveal this early optimism at its height. Yet, as the experience of all nations shows, no long continued war is fought in this mood. There come in the end fatigue, lassitude, irritation, a sense of frustration at the postponement of victory, an envy or even a hatred of superiors. The soldier comes to feel that he is a victim of the greed or the superior cunning of exploiters and *embusqués,* and finally the tedium of war exceeds the tedium of peace. Desertions increase, other crimes increase and the courts-martial are kept busy. It is all a part of the disillusionment which comes with every long war.

In America we escaped this disenchantment because we escaped the long war. The conflict came to an end when we were just beginning. For us the war after all was fortunate and easy, not like our Civil War or the terrible war fought by England, France, Russia, Germany and Italy. We were girding up our loins when suddenly the war was won. For this happy reason we have escaped the deepest anguish of the conflict though perhaps we have also missed its greatest lesson.

For a Democracy Loan

THE time has not yet come when America can afford to muster out her forces of thrift. The fighting is over, but the expenses of fighting will continue to mount up, until the last contingent of our troops has been returned home. Those expenses can not be met by any scheme of taxation that Congress would be willing to institute. Therefore we must look forward to new loans, and colossal ones. They will have to compete with the demands of private enterprises for capital to set business reconstruction in motion. That means that the government will be in greater need than ever of the savings of wage earners and farmers and other persons of modest means whose alternatives are government loans or consumption, rather than government loans or business investments.

The need for popular savings is just as pressing as it was while the outcome of the war was still in doubt. But a need theoretically demonstrable is one thing and a need actually felt and transmutable into action is another. Just how will the Treasury present its arguments so as to induce the man or woman whose income is at best inadequate to forego the consumption of objects which may be classed as semi-luxuries in war, but which look like necessities in peace? Will the Treasury endeavor to dress up in retrospect the terrors and dangers of war? Will it rely upon a reminiscent atrocity campaign? Our men will bring back material enough to establish in the minds of the whole people the premise that German war making was a most damnable

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affair. But there is a wide gap between this premise and the conclusion that every man and woman should wear old clothes some months longer, postpone for some additional months the purchase of sadly needed furniture or household utensils in order to pay the hang-over bills for beating the Germans. Anyone who has tried to collect money to pay the costs of fighting a private cause which has already been won or lost will appreciate the kind of problem that presents itself to the Treasury department.

It is not, however, too late to place the financing of new loans on a sounder footing. We need not look upon the war with Germany as an isolated transaction, now wound up except for the peace negotiations and the bills. Indeed, we ought not to look upon it in this way. That war was in fact merely a phase in the world movement toward democracy. We struck at Germany as the greatest menace to the liberty and happiness of the plain citizen of whatever nation. Thereby we attested our faith in the value of liberty and happiness. But do we imagine that with Germany crumbled and the Kaiser in exile the problem of the plain citizen is solved? So long as he is exposed to the scourge of unemployment, to the disease and distress that accompany undernourishment, to the arbitrary control of private employers to whose mercies he is consigned by our national failure to open up all the possible opportunities for making a freeman's living, or by his own lack of training, the democratic implications of victory will remain for him unrealized. If the war against autocracy is to have any real meaning for the plain citizen it must be conceived as the first brief stage in a longer process of democratic reconstruction. And that reconstruction must not be a thing of shreds and patches, intended to restore the status quo ante, but a systematic national effort, as concentrated and unremitting as our war effort itself, to give substantial reality to our democratic pretensions.

Let us not ask the masses of the people to incur heavy personal sacrifices merely to maintain our armies while they remain in Europe, and until they can be brought back to their homes. But let us ask every man, woman and child to save to help us to build an industrial and social system that will receive the soldiers worthily and prove to them that while they fought and suffered for democracy, we did not remain idle. We must have billions for the maintenance of our soldiers until they are mustered out. That goes without saying. But let those billions be part of a larger loan, to cover also the inauguration of reclamation works that will provide more homes, the construction of railways and canals and highways that will offer new opportunities for living and make possible a wider diffusion of the amenities of life; the creation of a national system of education and training so that the wage earner will not have reason to feel that his children must be handicapped, no matter what their personal merit.

It is proposed to call the next great loan a Victory Loan. Very good: we have won a great victory. There is in every American's breast a sentiment of exaltation which the Treasury can and should enlist in the support of the national finances. But the sentiment of victory looks toward the past, while all vigorous motives to action look toward the future. Therefore, if the Treasury desires a wide response to its appeals, it must supplement the idea of victory with the idea of a democracy that can be realized in the future only through a genuine programme of reconstruction. Let us make the next loan a democracy loan. Let us place ourselves in a position to say honestly to the wage-earner and the farmer: This is your cause to which you are asked to contribute. We are not urging you merely to relieve other classes of the burden of paying for the war that is over: we are urging you to do your share in making life freer, richer, more wholesome, more secure, for yourself and your children and for those whose circumstances are similar to yours. Not the fortunate minority, but the unprivileged masses, have interests at stake in the success of the democracy loan.

But reconstruction is a matter for Congress to determine, and Congress has been stricken with anaemia, and yearns toward the unregenerate past. Raising money is the only matter that concerns the Treasury. So the pessimists say. And if they are right the Treasury will have to build its loan campaign upon a retrospect. It will no doubt succeed, after a fashion. But we would best be not too exacting in our specifications of success.

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Justice to the Devil

THE old Devil, Autocracy, was surprisingly vigorous in spite of his great age, until recently his enemies laid him low. One of these enemies, the new Devil, Bolshevism, born but yesterday, has already shown himself a lusty and troublesome young fiend, useful only in helping to destroy his ancient predecessor. In the modest role of God, Democracy feels called upon to deal vigorously with both these enemies of man. Man must be saved from their discipleship. Moreover, God must be saved from defeat; that is, the world must be made safe for Democracy.

In our utter preoccupation with this task, we have wielded mightily the old weapons; we have forged and used some astonishingly powerful new ones; but the supremely potent weapon we have, for the most part, distrusted and laid aside. This matchless instrument for righteous warfare is not new; yet its general use in a military conflict would be a most amazing novelty. Its name is justice. Many who have great faith in the potency of the sword of justice, believe nevertheless that even the most civilized nations of today are as yet utterly incapable of wielding it victoriously against their foreign enemies. The practice of justice toward the foe, in act, in word spoken or printed, in thought and teaching, seems far too idealistic a procedure to promise success in the brutalities of international warfare. The mental operation,—erroneously called reasoning—by which this conclusion is usually reached, begins with the assumption that our side is absolutely ready to defend its just cause in a just and upright manner; but that the foe, saturated with injustice from his youth up, straightway begins to use the weapons of iniquity; whereupon, in sheer self-defense, we are compelled to do likewise. Thus is attested our faith in the superior military value of iniquity. When at last the enemy is beaten, our faith in injustice as a very present help in war, survives. It has become robust; and it insists upon dominating our peace settlements. Not that we wish to perpetrate any injustice upon our fallen foe; but, forsooth, he cannot be trusted to share decently the benefits of a just peace. We must hedge him about with iniquitous safeguards, lest he again seek to triumph over our just cause.

In the conduct of the great war now ending, the distrust of justice as a chief instrument of success has been strikingly shown by the Central Powers. What little we can learn from the multitude of lies provided for the nourishment of public opinion in the United States, seems to indicate that the German Realpolitik included a lawless lust for empire, a crooked and unscrupulous diplomacy, and a military machine based on perverted patriotism and stupid Schrecklichkeit. The false gods of scientific efficiency and racial superiority received the worship due to the goddess of justice; and they were relied upon to bring victory.

Against this monstrous infidelity, the Allies, and later the United States, professed and no doubt felt, a holy horror. This horror was somewhat tempered, to be sure, by the conspicuous lack of holiness in the nations who professed it. And soon their attitude was still further compromised by their ready adoption, for the period of the war, of some of the German substitutes for justice as the means to victory. But, on the whole, they were comparatively righteous, and altogether entitled to the priceless benefits of a clean-cut alliance with justice, and the advantages accruing therefrom. Deep and far-reaching was the misfortune, therefore, that they should choose largely to desert this powerful ally.

The manner of this desertion is well known to all intelligent observers who are able and willing to think; but these, unfortunately, are a very small, though significant, minority. The great mass of American public opinion seems actually to be unaware that our side has in any important respect abandoned the principles of justice in dealing with our enemy. Hence we, as a nation, are viewing the peace negotiations through a thick cloud of misapprehension; and, excepting the radical groups, we may readily be led to approve a settlement fundamentally unjust, foisted upon us by reactionary interests.

The distrust of justice and its temporary abandonment are the keynotes of war propaganda and censorship. This seems to have been most emphatically true in Germany; though it is extremely doubtful that any large fraction of the German people knew it. They trusted their superiors even more implicitly than we do ours. But the aims and methods of Allied, and even American, propaganda and censorship, have not differed widely from the German. The great American public has scarcely suspected this close similarity: it has indignantly resented as pro-German the presentation of any evidence to prove it. Under these circumstances, the task of enlightening American patriotism has been not only thankless but, since the passage of the Espionage act, unlawful. In our somewhat hysterical effort to secure unity of thought and action, we have made it probable that our abandonment of justice will outlast the period of the war.

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First by partisan groups and latterly by the government itself, the belief has been built up that this is a war of Huns against Saints: that our enemies were unique in world history for their Hunnishness, and that we and our allies were almost equally egregious in our saintliness; that the superabundant atrocities, spattering upon us from newspaper, pamphlet and commission report, were not so much an unescapable incident of war as they were a favorite pastime of Germans; and that ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent of these abominations were unprovoked and unavenged. The most dangerous element in this propaganda was the considerable amount of truth it contained. Given certain indisputable evidence of greedy imperialism, crooked diplomacy, inexcusable frightfulness; to this add the natural eagerness to believe ill of the men you soon expect to meet in battle; let these two be combined by the literary skill and logical persuasiveness of the ablest propagandists the nations can employ. Carefully suppress all evidences of like iniquities on our side. The result is such a distortion of the truth, such an annihilation of perspective, as war is thought to require. Inspire in the soldier, and incidentally in the general public, the "killing hate." This may be the means to a military victory, but it leaves a democracy terribly incompetent to negotiate a just peace.

If our definition of Hunnishness include lust for empire, unscrupulous diplomacy and frightfulness, we can readily find a good deal more than fifty-six hundredths of one per cent of Hunnishness among the Saints. But it will be extremely difficult, probably altogether impossible for some years yet, to determine what the relative distribution of this deviltry has been in the recent war. If we presently have free access to the enemy's propaganda and censored news of the past four years, great enlightenment may come to us therefrom; but very slowly. Only a few will see it. It took vast amounts of money and time and ingenuity to bring the two belligerent groups to their diametrically opposite views of each other. It is rather too much to hope that equivalent sums will be spent in the enlightenment process. At all events, we are still immeasurably handicapped in this search for perspective—truth—a basis for just decisions. So far as the events since 1914 are concerned, we can at most venture a few side-lights upon the partisan testimony that has been allowed to reach us.

In the early months of the war, the bombing of open towns by German aviators was pure fiendishness; it offered no military advantages, and was from every point of view inexcusable. Later the British took it up, and afterward the Americans; though its military value and fiendishness had not altered. The unloveliness of Teutonic diplomacy was rendered much less conspicuous by the publication of the secret treaties found in the Russian archives by the Bolsheviki. England objects to returning African colonies to German misrule. Why not take a referendum vote on this question—in Ireland?

During the past four years, the "cold, white light of history" has frequently been perverted into a red, hot flame, affording little light, but very useful for scorching one's enemies. Yet if we approach this light without seeking to modify it by our partisan bellows, it will still afford priceless illumination for the dark places of the murky present. Especially the history of the past hundred years will show us the roots of today.

On the question as to whether lust for empire is peculiarly Teutonic, much light can be thrown by giving real publicity to the history of Great Britain in Egypt, South Africa, India or China; or to that of Russia around Constantinople and Port Arthur; of France in Algeria, Tunis and Morocco; of Italy in Abyssinia and Tripoli. This light is greatly needed for the guidance of American public opinion. It is needed at the earliest possible moment.

On the question as to whether unscrupulous diplomacy has been present among the Saints, it might be worth while to study the lives of Disraeli and Cecil Rhodes or of Delcassé. Further wisdom is to be secured from knowing the deeds of Russia in assisting Great Britain to strangle Persia. Nor should we overlook the education in diplomacy which Japan has received at the hands of Europe. Another flagrant instance is the team-work of Austria and Italy in preventing a permanent settlement of the Balkan Question in 1913.

But frightfulness, at least, is a new invention of the Hun? Alas, no! He has only systematized and enlarged it. Let us turn, not to the gruesomely detailed Carnegie Report on the Balkan Wars, but to the history of the United States of America. As far back as 1777, the Journals of the Continental Congress repeatedly show reports summarized somewhat as follows: "The committee gives instances with affidavits of the wanton destruction of the country, the inhuman treatment of the prisoners, the butchery of many who had submitted, and the lust and brutality of the soldiers." That this continued throughout the war is evidenced by the recurrence of similar reports in subsequent years. Apparently they went at it again in the War of 1812. In a committee report communicated to the House of Representatives July 31, 1813, more than forty folio pages of closely printed matter are devoted to a circumstantial and abundantly documented narrative of atrocities that might well grace the Bryce Report on Belgium. At the end the conclusion is reached that "such enormities, instead of

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inspiring terror, as was probably intended, are, in the opinion of the committee, calculated to produce a contrary effect."

Atrocities may readily be found without going outside the family. In the records of our Civil War, " Rebel Barbarities " is a favorite theme. In 1869 it required a portly volume of over eleven hundred pages to contain the House of Representatives " Report on the Treatment of Prisoners of War by the Rebel Authorities, during the War of the Rebellion: to which are appended the testimony taken by the committee, and official documents and statistics, etc." The great American historian, James Ford Rhodes, comments on this question of prison atrocities in words so clearly applicable to the conditions of today that they are well worth quoting.

> In this mass of material the man with a preconceived notion can find facts to his liking. If he desire to prove that the Union prisoners at the South were badly treated and that the Confederate prisoners at the North were dealt with in " a noble, magnanimous manner " he will find evidence to support his proposition; he will be able to adduce Southern testimony sustaining both parts of his thesis. If on the other hand he desire to show the reverse, that the cruelty was at the North and the kindness at the South he can bring forward Northern testimony in support of his view. A shrewd advocacy of either of these preconceived notions may be all the more insidious when supported by evidence from the enemy fairly presented; the apparent proof may then be made stronger by garbled quotations from the same source; and to clinch the argument an overpowering mass of testimony may be adduced from the side whose cause he has espoused. Contemporary statements of those who suffered may be found in profusion and systematic presentations of one argument or the other may be read in papers of high Confederate or Union officials and committees of Congress especially empowered for the investigation of the subject. (History of the United States, 1850-1877, volume 5, pages 484-485).
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> The statements of those in authority must be regarded as partisan documents issued for the purpose of swaying public sentiment in the hottest campaign ever fought in America. This view does not imply that Davis and Stanton were insincere, for the native vindictiveness of these men and their intense devotion to their respective causes impelled them to believe any evil of their enemies and discredit any good. The feeling ran so high that under officials were unconsciously affected and read into their observations and reports their own preconceived notions. The surgeons in their diagnoses were hardly governed by sectional animosity, but when they speculated on causes, they ascribed to bad treatment ills that may well have had another origin. (Ibidem, pages 490-491).
>
> All things considered the statistics show no reason why the North should reproach the South. If we add to one side of the account the refusal to exchange the prisoners and the greater resources, and to the other the distress of the Confederacy, the balance struck will not be far from even. Certain it is that no deliberate intention existed either in Richmond or Washington to inflict suffering on captives more than inevitably accompanied by their confinement. Rather than to charge either section with inhumanity it were truer to lay the burden on war, recalling in sympathy with their import the words of Sophocles, " The man who taught Greeks how to league themselves for war in hateful arms . . . wrought the ruin of men." (Ibidem, page 508).

" Out of their own mouths " we have " proved " many things concerning the Germans of this twentieth century. The physical and mental confusion which surrounds us has lent itself easily to the complete destruction of perspective and fair-mindedness in public opinion, in the enemy countries and in our own. This confusion will lend itself no less easily to a belated, but perhaps still timely, correction of this enormous fault. Unless this fault is corrected in time, the probability of a just and permanent peace settlement is small indeed.

Evidence is rapidly accumulating that we have been no less unjust to Russia than to Germany. The revolutionary deviltries of Bolshevism seem to have been purposely exaggerated, while its inherited difficulties and heroic efforts have been either minimized or wholly concealed. The impending massacre of last November was luridly heralded in the American press. When the event proved this rumor rather worse than false, why was so little publicity given to that fact? Why did God, or his special agent in the United States, take away the power of speech from Raymond Robins? And what of Kerensky's charges, and Senator Johnson's questions?

Possibly reasons of state require the further continuance of censorship and popular delusion. But the confidence of enlightened American democracy in the admirable, though autocratic, leadership of Woodrow Wilson is beginning to waver on this issue. The energetic and far-reaching publicity immediately needed for re-educating the war-mind into fitness for peace, demands that the censorship be lifted *now*. Delay is both dangerous and suspicious. It is a menace to justice.

If the Democracy-God is to be saved from defeat, he must not allow either the old Autocracy-Devil or the new Bolshevism-Devil to deprive him of that most potent and reliable of all weapons—the Sword of Justice.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, JR.

Poster

Against a black sky
White birch-trees
Enameled with flakes of green leaves,
And a peacock,
Imperious and shrill as a queen
Bickering with a sardonic crow
Cawing above.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

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Randolph Bourne

THOSE who are not in some sense of the younger generation will hardly realize what poignancy there is for us in the news of the death of Randolph Bourne. It is not only that with his death a literary career of startling brilliancy and peculiar value has been cut short; it does not suffice to say that American literature has lost what would have been one of its most notable figures. We have become in these days more than a little familiar with the tragic incidence of death, and with this familiarity there has unconsciously grown up in our minds the unconscious comforting reassurance that life can make good its losses. But beyond the bounds of respect for an extraordinary talent, and beyond even our personal affection, we have here the sense of special misfortune. Randolph Bourne belonged to us, and stood for us, in a way which he perhaps did not fully know, but which we now very keenly feel.

It was the quality of his mind which gave him this place among us, the range of his sympathies, the clear force of his thinking, the candor and vigor of his expression, but more than all, the happy union of these traits in an intellectual personality which had for all its force a singular and captivating charm. He was of us because he had a restless and relentless curiosity, undeterred by sentiment and never recoiling in cynicism; the mood of perpetual inquiry, and the courage to go down unfamiliar ways in search of truth. These are traits of our generation; but in many of us they show themselves for the most part as anxious hopes and stubborn fears, violent and apparently perverse disloyalties to accustomed ideals, wanton or whimsical followings of private and inexplicable fancy. In literature, in art, in politics, in all departments of life, there has been an alienation of the younger generation from traditional modes of action; and the newer, untraditional activities have seemed unformed, fantastic or half-hearted—even insincere. Randolph Bourne was a part of this revolt, its blood pulsed in him, he breathed its air. But, of a happier nature than most of us, in him the intellectual tendencies of an intelligentsia which was crudely and blunderingly engaged in finding itself, had already finely flowered. It seemed that he had the qualities toward which our defects aspired. But so it was that his achievement seemed to us not only significant of his powers, but of our own; he was the promise of our specific contribution to American life.

It may be said that all those who have felt themselves in obscure and yet irreconcilable conflict with the repressions which in literature, in art and in politics alike are our heritage from the past, felt understanding, sympathy and help in the personality of Randolph Bourne; and all these, too few as yet and too scattered to feel other than lonely, will be lonelier because of his death. He could speak for them, he was their voice, and their rebellion became through the clear candor of his prose, "clarified and transfigured." It was an accident, though a huge and inescapable accident, that this revolt should in the last few years have had to take the form of hostility to the dominant political tendencies of the time. And yet this accident was one which could more perhaps than anything else try him and prove if his was indeed the lonely courage which our hearts had acclaimed in him. There are few avenues of expression for protest, however sane and far-seeing, against the mood of a nation in arms; and one by one, most of these were closed to him as he went on speaking out his thought. It is one of the more subtly tragic aspects of his death, a misfortune not only to a fecund mind that needed free utterance, but to a country which is starved for thought, that he should in these last years have been doomed to silence. He who should have spoken for them—and who might still have spoken for them—went down to the grave voiceless.

Just before his sudden death, the war being over, he had been promised an opportunity to write the history of conscientious objectors to war in America. That history will never be written as he might have written it. And with our return to the sanities of peace, there are many obscure heroisms which without him will be longer in finding an understanding among the American people.

His career was ended before he had to any degree accomplished the things of which he was capable. He was at the beginning of a great career. But in what we have from him, in his articles and books on education, and his contributions during the last few years to the Seven Arts, the New Republic and the Dial, we have what will serve to stimulate us to our task of understanding the forces which are not so much disintegrating an old world as creating a new. We cannot have his help in that task any more, but we can have the memory of him to enhearten us.

It is impossible to speak of Randolph Bourne without paying some tribute to the magnificent will which until the end triumphed over his physical frailty. Aside from everything else, to those of us who knew him as a friend, this victory of the spirit had a magnificence which mixed a kind of reverence with our friendship. He was by virtue not only of his clear thinking and his quiet courage, but no less of his sweetness and humor and debonair charm, one of the strong and triumphant personalities of our generation. FLOYD DELL.

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Safe Demobilization

WHETHER a warm welcome home means a "hot time" for the returning soldiers was decided for the New York Sun (December 6th) by a reporter who took a "census" on board ship and stated that the boys' slogans were "We hope New York hasn't gone dry yet," and "Open up the town."

This reporter's wish was probably father to his thought, so far as a "consensus" is concerned. The American army is a clean army and an effective army. Whether we base our statements upon number of effectives on the firing line, upon mere freedom from handicap and from blood-taint, or upon physical and mental efficiency, it will not now be gainsaid that the cleanness of the army and navy has had much to do with their effectiveness.

But it cannot be doubted that human nature, long thwarted by the inevitably abnormal restraints of military life, craves relaxation, spontaneity, self-forgetfulness. In thousands of soldiers that same human nature has in addition the twists and warps of early misinformation and mental habit, and therefore craves its fulfillment in ways which threaten injury to the men themselves and to their communities and homes.

We have been fond of calling ourselves "a nation at war," not merely an army. "The American nation is a clean nation." Can we also say that? Substantial efforts were made in many states to combat what was known as the "last fling menace" which brought so many drafted men into venereal wards after their arrival in camps. What is being done to prevent the "first patriotic jags" upon breaking training? Peace came suddenly. Conferences were, however, at once held between representatives of interested agencies, and responsible officials give every assurance of dealing with the new emergency.

At a recent conference on industrial demobilization, Mr. Nathan Smyth of the U. S. Employment Service was quoted as follows: "Soldiers are being discharged by the thousands daily on the basis of military units, with no reference to whether or not they are now needed in industry. They are being mustered out on a few days' notice and given in money the cost of transportation to their homes, free to buy tickets wherever they please. Already they are turning up in the cities, improvident, 'broke,' away from home without work, applicants for civilian relief." Dr. Graham Taylor has made earnest appeal against this same condition.

Mr. Smyth and Dr. Taylor were speaking from the point of view of industrial welfare. It does not take a great deal of imagination, however, to translate this process into terms of khaki crowds turned loose amid the night-lights of the larger cities, many of whose officials have learned to think of municipal "clean-ups" purely as a "war measure."

Certain things have, however, already been done to meet this situation. The Secretaries of War, Navy and the Treasury issued public statements and telegrams to important officials urging continued vigilance. In addition to these messages, Surgeon General Blue of the United States Public Health Service wired every State Board of Health to confer immediately with governors and mayors of large cities regarding the unanimous cooperation of all law enforcement officials. He urged that there be no relaxation in efforts to suppress prostitution, and to isolate and treat venereally infected persons. These messages were combined in a circular which went individually to approximately a million and a half representative citizens: "War on Venereal Disease to Continue." In many states venereal disease lecture campaigns for registrants, held up by the epidemic, have been converted into community meetings to consider the safety of demobilizing soldiers.

The War Department has declared that it will not discharge any men in an infectious condition. This is indeed a drastic safeguard for the civil population. The policy will be doubly effective if generally known among the soldiers over here and over there. In this connection, agreements should be reached between the three Surgeons General and other nation-wide agencies, upon standards of discharge and the correlation of follow-up work, through the nation-wide chain of Public Health Service clinics and venereal disease officers, attached to State Boards of Health and Cantonment Zones.

So much for law enforcement and strictly medical measures. If war experience is any criterion, however, social measures for the prevention of contacts will protect the public health more effectively than curative measures. "Social prophylaxis" has been shown to reduce the necessity of the preventive treatment enforced by the army, by reducing the number of exposures.

Through army and navy machinery a warning and appeal can reach every man previous to discharge "not to spoil it all." Civil authorities must "keep the lid on." For the demobilization period, however, the preventive measures take a form chiefly administrative. Men returned from overseas or now in cantonments are to be sent for de-

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mobilization to the cantonment or post nearest their point of original enlistment. It is also possible that men will be returned to large cities and county seats under military discipline and supervision.

It must be constantly kept in mind that prostitution is both an economic act and a capitalized institution characteristic especially of cities. It is less likely to affect soldiers mustered out in small groups in or near their home towns, and receiving their final pay in cash form only at such points. This can be accomplished by having transportation issued only in special tickets, and pay in checks good only at destination. The administrative effort and expense of this work will be justified, and the resulting slowing down of demobilization will of itself be a good.

"Is the home-coming to be, then, a gloom-procession attended by long-haired reformers?" Not at all. Celebration at such times as this is a necessity and a desirable one. The United War Work Agencies have proved the indispensability of clean recreation for morale, for relaxation, for the outlet of "high spirits," and, therefore, for the prevention of prostitution and venereal disease. These same agencies, together with others interested in the welfare of demobilization (Labor, War Risk, Health, Law Enforcement, Councils of Defense) have now been informed in advance of the chief demobilization centres. Through the Councils of Defense, plans are being urged in five thousand communities, so that celebrations may be organized, orderly, memorable, and free from debauch. This "safe home" movement may be further promoted by surplus army officers detailed for the purpose. It has also been urged that the local "boards of instruction" organized by the Provost Marshal General's Office can serve valuably in such work officially and unofficially.

Under war stimulus and army leadership the United and individual States have grappled with venereal disease in the first concerted, consistent, comprehensive, continuous and intelligent drive against venereal disease that has ever been undertaken by this or any other nation. Eighteen months of active law enforcement and educational and recreational activities have proved that commercialized vice can be controlled, under war conditions, even in civil communities. Will the same be true with the return of peace?

If America were sufficiently a true democracy, army measures and local initiative would be sufficient to control the existing menace of a "tilting lid." In the present emergency, however, steady and vigorous guidance by federal agencies is desirable. Some of the additional demobilization measures above suggested are already being actively considered and put into effect.

It would, however, be too optimistic to imagine that this greatest of public health campaigns has been finally won by the excellent but primarily military measures of the army over-seas, by the Surgeons General, or by the Commissions on Training Camp Activities.

Nor will it be won even if the best civilian intelligence is applied to the problem of demobilization; nor even if Congress and the states continue their appropriations for the work, as it is to be hoped. Reconstruction in social hygiene must take the form of consolidating gains rather than of new measures launched. The forces opposed to venereal disease will be fortunate if they can hold the ground won and repel the counter attacks. And those counter attacks are inevitable so long as men's lives are subject to thwart and so long as society is unorganized for free normal self-expression.

Chicago

SOME time ago Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor published a volume on Chicago. It was reviewed in the New Republic by Mr. Francis Hackett, who spent several years in the city, and may be said, though he will repudiate the statement, to have become a prominent citizen. Certainly he had his effect upon the life of the city. But so far as an older citizen (I said an older, not a better) can judge, the impress of Mr. Hackett on Chicago was more accurate in outline than the impress of Chicago on Mr. Hackett.

The latter objects, by implication, to the "puritanism" of the city, a puritanism on which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor laid stress. Mr. Hackett loves Chicago for "the large freedom from caste and cant which is so much an essential of democracy, the cordiality which comes with fraternity, the access to men and life of all kinds." In other words, he loves it for what is eminently his own most striking characteristic; sees in it most clearly the reflection of his own ideal; just as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor sees in it the reflection of another idea, "the possession of a New England conscience."

The inference is plain. Chicago is a sort of museum, in which those of its frequenters who are interested in anthropology discover specimens of one sort, and the theologically inclined, specimens of quite another.

In fact, at present, it seems to me Chicago is distinguished among the great cities of America by having no personality at all. New York is a head-waiter and Philadelphia a tired business man and Boston a doctor of philosophy who has abandoned his profession for the bond business; but Chicago is a congeries.

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It was not always so. It was not so, for instance, in the eighties or even in the nineties. Then Chicago was the acme of unsophisticated vigor, a great blundering credulous fighting town, self-conscious and self-confident, loosemannered and generous, always ready to pay its money to see any sort of Royal Nonesuch, and throw dead cats at the actors if the Royal Nonesuch turned out a fake; the Scotty Briggs among municipalities, a desperado and Sunday-School teacher. What Mr. Chatfield-Taylor said of its strain of propriety is true; but was that propriety Puritan, arising from idealism, or was it rather conventional, arising from that feeling of bondage to a social code which is particularly rigid because it is particularly naive; the kind of thing which is really superstitious? Those were the days when every Chicago politician wore a silk hat. Chicago carried her morality not like a sword in her hand but like a chip on her shoulder; the chip itself has no value, but knock it off once and see what happens to you!

In certain outward respects Chicago has not changed. Physically it is much the same. We have a new city hall, but the signs in its corridors, desiring cooperation in a well known sanitary ordinance, are as they were. The grade-crossings are gone, but the automobiles have kept the pedestrian from becoming otiose. The Blackstone is a mere excrescence; the symbol of our civic hospitality is still the Palmer House. The three great scenic features of the city—the lake, the Illinois Central, and the Rush Street Bridge—are obviously permanent. The grinding roar of the cable-cars did not change in pitch or volume when electricity was substituted as a motive-power. Some few new office-buildings have differentiated the skyline of Michigan Avenue, but seen through the same old pall of smoke they do not alienate our recollections. Gone are Kohl and Middleton's, the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, and the Eden Musee; but how infinitesimal the substitution of the movie-houses and the Strand! Put down a prominent citizen of the nineties anywhere in the Loop, or Lincoln Park, or where you please, and he would be at once at home; it would be his own house, he would ken by the biggin' o' it; and if he had a momentary doubt, the instant his clothes or his finger touched an exposed surface that doubt would disappear.

But the citizens, that is the leading citizens, of Chicago have lost the old sharpness of outline. In the old days, when the city counted its population triumphantly by hundreds of thousands instead of mechanically by millions, the Chicago big business man had about him a kind of aura, or golden glow, which is somehow lacking in his successors. Quite as great fortunes, perhaps even greater, are being accumulated now; indeed, some of the giants of those days were not particularly interested in money; but the ferocious individuality of the former generation has been somehow dissipated. The city's most successful men nowadays show a tendency to sink into the pattern. Either some camouflage, inevitable or intentional, has been practiced, to hide them from the social bombardment; or else they are more created than creating; made by their times, instead of making their own times, like those of old whom I have mentioned. They of old stood forth like Goliaths and challenged the world. They felt themselves citizens of no mean city. They had Chicago, not Calais, stamped upon their royal hearts. They neither asked for quarter, nor gave it. Of sociological theories, in the current sense, they were as innocent as babes. They stood on their own feet, ran their own businesses, dispensed gifts like princes; they did not whine over governmental control, or put out explanatory statements; they damned what they did not like, and took what they did. "What's an orchestra? By God, we'll have one!" was their motto, not this piffling generality of the present, "For Chicago, I will!" Some of them read widely, some could hardly read without moving their tongues from side to side in a sort of palatal accompaniment; some kept art and music like mistresses, others thought of them with contempt, as hussies, no better than they should be; not a one of them but thought of Chicago as his city, and realized with honest self-congratulation what a hole would be left in its foundations if the rock which was his nature were removed.

Their sons are more agreeable fellows, on the whole. They went to college; they went younger to Europe, and so became cosmopolitan. I would not wish to insult anyone; but they are, in their vast tolerance of life, scarcely distinguishable from professors. They take things as they come; sometimes they take more, sometimes less, but in no case are they rough-handed about it. They feel an aversion to, not a delight in, being conspicuous. They paint, and collect first editions, and compose; art is to them very often neither a mistress nor a harlot, but a wife. They are not exactly ashamed of being Chicagoans, but neither are they particularly proud of it; it is just an incident, like being born. Their liberality is actually greater than their fathers' was, but not so free handed; as if their cloaks were ampler, but less magnificently purple. They shrug their shoulders instead of stamping their feet. They play auction, which requires cooperation, instead of poker, which requires assertion. They are an orchestra without the drums.

The old sense of individual responsibility for the city's reputation is gone. There are scores of thousands of citizens who are filled with a sense of social responsibility; but their chief interest is no

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longer in having Chicago appear well before the world. "The" Auditorium was dedicated by a president of the United States, the only instance on record of such a dedication of a privately-owned building for commercial purposes; now moving pictures are shown in it. The orchestra was once a challenge; now it is a convenience. Our development is more rapid, our tolerance more intelligent, our civilization more approximate. But alas! we are conscious that these things are equally true of Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Louis. In losing so much of our grossness, we have lost half our splendor.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

A Private of the Lost Legion

A CERTAIN Sunday evening early in 1915 is still fresh in the memory of some hundreds of people in New York. A full audience had gathered in one of the theatres to hear a debate on the rights and wrongs of the war, which then had been going on for just half a year. The innocence of Germany was upheld by a young man whose name has since been somewhat noised abroad—George Sylvester Viereck. The case for the Allies was presented by an Englishman who to that crowd must have seemed astonishingly out of the picture. Certainly he bore no resemblance (except perhaps in one mental attitude) to the Englishman of the novel or the stage or to such presumably typical Britons as later came to speak in behalf of England at war—say, John Masefield or Ian Hay. He was short and round. He was untidy. He was extremely fluent, saying many smart things and some acute things in a voice that gave way oddly at the end of the sentence. He showed no disposition whatever to placate his audience, the majority of whom it was evident were in violent disagreement with him. Among the minority which took his side were some who, having read the announcement carelessly, had gone in the expectation of hearing a man of genius with the same surname. But this was not Gilbert Chesterton: it was his younger brother. During that visit to America he lectured and debated many times. And on the 26th of December, in a Catholic church off the Strand, before a congregation reflecting many diverse elements of London life, literary and legal, political, ecclesiastical and indefinable—a solemn mass was said for the repose of his soul. He was Private Cecil Chesterton, aged 39. He had died of trench fever in France after some two years' service in the British army.

Cecil Chesterton was both an individual, a most emphatic individual, and a portent. Six years younger than his brother Gilbert—like him born in that most reputable of West London parishes, Kensington; like him too, uneducated at the renowned West London public school, St. Paul's—he possessed not a spark of Gilbert's singular and fascinating genius. But in his way he was uncommonly able. He was widely read in fields unknown to the elder. He knew, at a moderate estimate, twenty times as much about public affairs. He had a prodigious literary memory. He was an incessant writer, an indefatigable debater. He had, what his brother has not, a talent for editorial work. G. K. C. is the wondrous contributor; an inexhaustible fount of special columns, essays, letters, fantasies, reviews, satirical verses, cartoons; an incomparable controversialist. Cecil was a blunt and heavy-handed fighter. He pounded hard and everlastingly in the same place. Week by week he pursued his victim. He gave himself and his invective no rest. He wrote, as Robert Louis Stevenson would have said, with a poker instead of a pen. He railed, denounced, insulted. Above all, he repeated himself. He addressed a small constituency, half of whom, probably, were irritated beyond measure by his opinions and ways. That for him was at least half the fun. It was not fun like that generated by his brother Gilbert, who, until 1914, inhabited a region of jovial strife. The mighty thwackings dealt out to his foes were drowned in the shouts of his own laughter. Cecil was not jovial, though he did his best to maintain the family tradition. In the journalistic world of England there was hardly, in my judgment, a more curious mind; I don't think there were many opponents more perverse and unfair, than Cecil Chesterton. But equally, I am sure, there was not to be found a braver or sincerer man. In peace or war he said what he thought. He said it in the hardest and straightest words, taking every kind of risk. He wrote of men, whether dead or alive, as he believed them to be. And now that he is dead, at the end of the war which was to him, simply and literally, a holy war, he would not ask or wish any different treatment for himself.

He was, as I have said, a portent. Of what manner and significance? For its complete exposition we should need an analysis of Great Britain during the years that lie between the decline of Gladstonian liberalism and the catastrophe of 1914, with the Boer War as the central episode. To ordinary modern observers that war seemed to have ended in a relative defeat for imperialism and a sharp rebound to sane progressivism. Such people saw nothing to fear in the drift of the Liberals toward collectivism. They thought of the lustrum separating the Lloyd George budget of 1909 from the outbreak of the world war as a good and vigorous time. On the whole they asked, was not England making satisfactory progress towards a condition of social health?

Not so, replied the Chestertons; modern progressive England is simply heading straight for the Servile State; the new tyranny and the new serfdom. In announcing this they were echoing the ally upon whom they depended mainly for their philosophy and history. The ally, of course, was Hilaire Belloc, whose exact place in the intellectual history of England during the first quarter of the twentieth century will one day be determined by a postgraduate student of the University of Oregon or Oklahoma. Her sparkling thesis will demonstrate that Belloc alone, for all his gifts, would not have carried far as an apostle; and it will show that seldom, if ever, has the realm of letters and ideas known a comradeship in arms more effective than that of Belloc and G. K. C. And indeed, anyone who today should take the trouble to examine the evidence can see for himself how much the comrades

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achieved in the anti-intellectual reaction. The pair became a trio some ten years ago, with the adhesion of the younger Chesterton. Converted from Fabian Socialism to the Bellocian view of society and politics, he brought to the common stock a downright philistinism of outlook, and for weapon a most uncompromising bludgeon.

We must, I suppose, regard this surprising trio as standing in the line of the Romantics, a line which you may start with Rousseau or Chateaubriand, or almost where you will, and carry down by greater and less, through Newman and Ruskin to W. B. Yeats or Ralph Adams Cram of Beacon Hill. True, the statement of their case against the modern world is different in countless ways from the indictments of their forerunners. But in the end it amounts to the same thing: a denial of the conscious reason, a refusal to accept the gains of the scientific intelligence, a demand for the restoration of the medieval social order, an insistence upon the sacramental philosophy of the Middle Ages as the one enduring expression of the divine in man. But with what stupefaction would any one of the older champions in this greatest of all lost causes have gazed upon the tactics of Cecil Chesterton!

Hilaire Belloc once called himself a liberal. Gilbert Chesterton, lamenting the fall of his old friends, would still affirm his right to the name. Cecil never assumed it. During the twenty years of his active controversial life he would not have disdained to describe himself as a fierce illiberal. In 1912 he took over the weekly review upon which Hilaire Belloc had stamped his mind and temper. He renamed it The New Witness, and for four years, until he was inducted into the army, he ran it with a passionate monotony excelling anything known in our time. Never surely did an editor set out to make a larger and more varied host of enemies. For Toryism Cecil Chesterton had a decided tenderness; but the Tory chiefs could look for no quarter from him. No Liberal, of course, could expect it. At every stage The New Witness pursued Mr. Lloyd George with a malevolence that became grotesque. It treated the celebrated National Insurance act as the most iniquitous product or organ so far of the Servile State, with the possible exception of the Liquor Control Board which, with an immorality passing all belief, was actually daring to restrict the sale and reduce the strength of the nation's beer! Nor was the later Lloyd George any more pleasing to the editor, despite his religious concentration upon victory. For was not Mr. George in league with Lord Northcliffe; was not the Munitions act worse even than the Insurance act, and a coalition cabinet the symbol of a completed Servile State?

Cecil Chesterton, as we know, counted himself a soldier of the Holy Ghost, called to do battle to the death with the Party System, the Servile State, and the Empire of Finance with all their attendant evils of front-bench conspiracies, the sale of honors, and a venal press. And I imagine that, if he could have been consulted as to the inscription on his tombstone, he might, so strange a crusader was he, have been content to lie under a brief legend consisting chiefly of two wildly conjoint names: Marconi-Morel. No bright graduate of Oklahoma will ever carve a doctorate thesis out of the career of Private Cecil Chesterton, sacrificed with myriads of others in the War for the World. But if it were possible for her to attempt it, what would be her condition of mind when, addressing herself to the summing-up, she should seek to compress into a triumphant concluding page the character, philosophy and career of the editor of The New Witness? She would try hard to envisage a man of high talent who combined a fine sense of freedom and an eloquent advocacy of the common man with a compendious loathing which, without sense of incongruity, embraced the Kaiser and Lloyd George, Lord Northcliffe and Sidney Webb, the Jew who negotiated the Marconi contract and the Anglo-Frenchman who organized the redemption of the Congo. More: our bewildered expositor would need to round off the portrait with touches designed to show how the amazing editor had persuaded himself that chocolate and soap were abominable products, because the people who made them were mostly Liberals and puritans; and that while a society in the grip of the liquor interest was right enough a newspaper owned by a cocoa manufacturer was the devil. The implied conclusion might be that Cecil Chesterton could never have existed. But he did exist. And perhaps the queerest thing about him was that from the welter of guesses and suspicions making up his preposterous vision of England, a different sort of mind could have disengaged quite a lot of facts by no means unimportant.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

Words

Words are the stones I use in building,
My house will be strong without fillet or gilding;
I dig in the crypt of the centuries
Where the earth is rich in ebonies.
I burrow for words in the quarry of time;
In the heart of the ancient hills for rhyme.

There are veins of Beauty the sages have known;
Milton worked where the marble shone,
Our Lincoln found what he liked in the clay
Of the common fields where the stones are grey.
So every spirit must find a way
And delve for the treasure that seems its own.

But you! what are words, what are words to you!
Not stone nor metal precious and true,
Nor blocks to serve in a hallowed shrine;
But seductive jewels cut subtle and fine,
Spangles you wear to glitter and shine;
I know the worth of your words to you!

Winter Poetry

Lovers think that they alone possess
A sense of beauty. They ascribe all graces
To their love. Seeing earth's wintry places
Warmed and enchanted, they suppose and guess
Their own illusion makes the loveliness.
They dream, their flame illumines the dim spaces
Of the sky. They think the earth embraces
No charm but that their pleasure can express.
Yet we, who shun romance, find beauty near;
A stillness in the air when summer's gone.
On the fine winter stem hang subtle fruits;
We like to see the slender willow spear,
We like red weeds and branches blackly drawn
And the white snow embroidered with brown roots.

Gladys Cromwell.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Prisoners of Conscience

SIR: It is well known that on December 6th the War Department abolished the cruel practice of manacling prisoners in solitary cells. The War Department's own statement candidly explains that the punishment is no longer effective. The reason for its ineffectiveness was the chivalry of certain brave souls who refused to work and accepted this medieval punishment in order to protest against the coercion of the consciences of their comrades.

It is a mistake, however, to think that the abolition of manacling and similar "extremities of discipline" meets the situation. There were on December 20th at least thirty men in indefinite solitary confinement at Fort Leavenworth. An officer of the guard has written that the punishment was designed "to break men in body or soul," and it remains a form of torture for the normal man even though the terrible indignity of manacling has been abolished. The men now in "solitary" fall into two classes:

1. Those extremists who regard any form of work under military orders (as is of course the case with all work in a military prison) as acceptance of military service, and hence entirely opposed to their conscience.

2. Those who have refused to work as the only available form of protest against the coercion of their brethren.

However unreasonable the line of conduct of these extremists may seem to us rational folk who live in comfort, it will be acknowledged that for them to yield not under conviction, but under coercion, is to lose their souls. Indeed it is a cruel and stupid absurdity to send conscientious objectors to military prisons. For the sake of argument, one may admit that the state is justified during war in confining men who refuse conscription. Is it therefore justified in confining men in a prison where daily and hourly they will be obliged to accept what is for them conscription under penalty of the severest forms of discipline? This in itself is the revival of the very principles of the Inquisition. If the government is capable of this sort of thing, it is not to be wondered at that petty officers and guards add brutalities of their own invention to the sufferings of the objectors. Nor have the quasi-denials and explanations of the War Department on this subject been at all convincing to those of us who have seen the charges sent out by disinterested prisoners at great risk to themselves.

I am informed, on what appears to be reliable evidence, that one prisoner at Fort Leavenworth has been declared insane and that another is now in the observation ward. Both these men were the victims of severe brutalities in guard houses or in military prisons. From two prisoners we have received word that a third man, who is sane, is confined in an observation ward with cases of the violently insane. This man, Clark Getts by name, was the first to send out information with regard to conditions at Fort Leavenworth. For this he has been the target for persistent persecution. Before being sent to this observation ward he served two sentences of two weeks each in solitary confinement on bread and water. Mr. Getts, according to the statements of his friends, is now in fear either of his life or of his reason because of the conditions of his confinement.

There is no one moral of the story I have tried to tell. It points to the need of thorough-going and sweeping reform in our prisons. It illustrates the necessity of distinguishing between political prisoners and criminals. But, of course, there is one supreme lesson to be learned, and that is the cruel folly of the ferocious sentences we have inflicted upon political offenders. The fighting is over. America is asking the nations to consent to a peace resting upon justice. With what possible grace can we appear before the conference table as a champion of liberty when some 300 conscientious objectors and more than 1,000 prisoners under the Espionage act are confined in abominable prisons under sentences of five, ten, twenty or thirty years for no other crime than loyalty to conviction? Surely when Americans know the truth they will demand an amnesty as the only possible proof of our sincerity in waging a war for the right of men everywhere "to choose their way of life and obedience."

NORMAN THOMAS.

Maurice Barres and Alsace-Lorraine

SIR: Readers familiar with the works of Maurice Barrès, and especially with Au Service de l'Allemagne, will be not a little surprised to see Professor Fife enlisting Barrès among those who are in favor of making another Luxemburg of Alsace-Lorraine. If any theory contrary to that has ever been supported it is by Barrès. Au Service de l'Allemagne, like the other volume in the series, Colette Baudoche, contains quite another story. M. Hermann in Au Service de l'Allemagne is the typical Alsatian of the pre-war period. Finding impossible the return to France by force, and considering that the economic conditions have obliged Alsace to live all by herself, M. Hermann must make the best of it. He refuses to become a German and cannot help being Alsatian and French at the same time. That dictates to Hermann his original line of conduct. Like a hero of Corneille, he swallows his grief and retains, at any cost, his French-Alsatian nationality. Any one reading Barrès will see that Hermann's attitude is merely expectant. Let a single French soldier cross the border and Hermann will fling himself into his arms as Blumenthal, Hansi, Weterlé or Weil have done.

Here are a few quotations from the book from the French original: "For thirty-three years," says Hermann, "not one drop of the blood of my ancestors had been Germanized. Under that bestial attack [of a German], with more certainty than at any other moment of my life, I knew myself a son of Alsace and of France." (p. 255.) "He called me French! That is one of the words which in my life gave me the greatest pleasure." (p. 256.) "To prefer France though serving Germany was the problem solved by M. Hermann." (p. 261.) "Let us come back to our truth of Alsatians formed by heredity under the same influence and the same evolution as France." (p. 261.) "Better not live than to live a life where all the tendencies of my soul are denied." (p. 260.) Such was Hermann's case, and the case of the people he represents, as stated very clearly by Barrès in his book.

In the same volume Professor Fife will find an answer to his proposal for tightening the bond of economic and commercial relations of Alsace with Germany. When he tries to find the cause for his troubles, Mr. Hermann sees it in the fact that "Alsatian products have no outlet except beyond the Rhine." (p. 259.)

As for the fear that Alsace and Lorraine, by being cut into two French departments as before 1870, will lose their identity, Maurice Barrès, an ardent supporter of the *regionalist* movement in France, will tell Professor Fife that

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there is no more danger for Alsace and Lorraine of losing their identity than there has been for Brittany or Provence, two characteristic French regions divided administratively in several departments. For forty-seven years Alsace and Lorraine have survived in French imagination as two women in their quaint and peculiar native costume, another sign that Frenchmen are not in any way disposed to deny them their original identity.

R. MICHAUD.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

Self-Determination

SIR: To Mr. Campbell Macmillan's remark that "the alleged principle of self-determination seems to have been prematurely adopted from sentimental patriots by political thinkers on account of its apparent simplicity as an approximate solution of a very troublesome problem," I would reply that I, whether I be a sentimental patriot or a political thinker, am in favor of self-determination:

First, because it will make institutions more fluid and give more opportunity for starting reforms without the long delay and revolutionary suddenness which characterize changes in the policy of great fixed political units.

Second, because it, and nothing else, will rid the world of war. For a hundred years there has been no war between civilized nations except for the purpose of performing the function which self-determination is to undertake, the function of deciding the jurisdiction over some territory. The world has already long left behind it the waging of war from any other motive. If this function is now assigned to self-determination, then a war, if undertaken, will have no hope of accomplishing this, its sole purpose, and so the motive for war will disappear.

Attempts at a League of Nations in the past have been wrecked by trying to maintain established jurisdictions against the explosive impulse of self-determination. Any league that tries to do the same thing (which means, practically, any league that does not provide a specific procedure for displacing an established jurisdiction when self-determination demands this) will come to grief in the same way. That is the point at which we need to keep sharpest watch of the proceedings of the Peace Conference. It has other critical issues to face, but none so critical as this.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

Lloyd George—Bismarck

SIR: In 1918 Premier Lloyd George says: "We propose to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany," one hundred and twenty billion dollars. He estimates the total wealth of Germany at less than one hundred billion dollars, and concludes "that if the whole wealth of Germany were taken, there would not be enough to pay the account." Moreover, he seems intent upon depriving Germany of her colonies, her fleet, and her conscript army. All this, ostensibly, to punish the guilty German people and to assure lasting peace.

In 1871, Bismarck said that Germany must receive one billion dollars to cover her expenses in the war just ending. The great ambassador-president of France, Thiers, who negotiated the treaty, said that the annual revenue (not the estimated wealth) of France before the war of 1870 was about four hundred million dollars, or two-fifths of the proposed indemnity. "When I subscribed at Versailles to the financial demands of Germany I knew that France was well able to carry the increased burdens laid on her by war and defeat," he tells us in his memoirs. Bismarck's harsh treaty left untouched the colonies, the fleet and the army of France, but insisted on the cession of Alsace and part of Lorraine. Thus he would punish the guilty French people and secure lasting peace. Thiers himself admits the guilt of the French government in precipitating the war "by a most culpable falsehood."

The settlement of 1871 is branded by most of us as infamous. It has kept Europe preparing for war ever since. Yet it was vastly less burdensome and humiliating to the vanquished than are the British Premier's proposals. Do these offer any reasonable hope of better results? "The first consideration," says Lloyd George, "will be the interests of the people upon whom the Germans have made war." That was Bismarck's principle in 1871. It is truly Prussian.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, JR.

Middlebury, Vermont.

Shall Canada Police Russia?

SIR: Canada has never conscripted a man to fight in Russia, but she has called for volunteers. Her sons are now on Russian soil. Throughout the Dominion, however, the cry for the recall of her boys from Russia is getting louder.

Peter McArthur, a writer on farm topics, and an excellent judge of public opinion in rural Ontario, Canada's most populous province, contributes a weekly article to the influential Toronto Globe. In that paper he says:

"A matter that is in need of light at the present time is the Canadian expedition to Siberia. Boys from this district volunteered for that work, and now people are beginning to wonder what it is all about and why we should go on with it. There is no longer any plan to attack Germany on the eastern front. As a matter of fact the expedition to Siberia can have no possible connection with Germany, since it is now over, or in such a condition that it cannot be resumed. The expedition must now be concerned only with the work of restoring law and order in that vast welter of humanity called Russia. Surely Canada has not become so great a world power that she must undertake to police other nations—'the lesser breeds without the law.' Of course, I may be all wrong in my view of our work in Siberia, but this is the view that prevails in the country and we have no information on which to base different views. There is a feeling abroad that when the rest of our army is being prepared for demobilization that Siberian expedition should be recalled and demobilized also. Now that the grim business across the Atlantic appears to be ended we do not want to become entangled in similar trouble across the Pacific. As Napoleon sanely remarked: 'There's a giant sleeping there. Leave him alone.'"

The Toronto Globe wrote editorially:

"The frequent changes in the All-Russian Government indicate that our allies of Omsk are still political dancing Dervishes. Why should Canadians be killed in that sort of a faction fight?"

The Toronto Globe is a supporter of Sir Robert Borden's Unionist government. The principal labor papers in Canada, owned by central labor bodies of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, as well as several farm papers of wide circulation, all oppose Canada's participation in the internal struggle in Russia.

Windsor, Ontario, Canada. GORDON GREY.

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Books and Things

EVERY poet I suppose has an ounce or two of wisdom about him. Even—say—Robert Browning. But much depends on the words and the manner in which wisdom is clothed. Browning comes before you, engaged in this problem, with a serious look, and you presently see him energetically hauling his words on to the stage. He has never heard of voluntary enlistment: his choice is conscription. Astonished words are dragged from their berths, like the wrong watch at sea, and hurried into tasks they are quite uncertain how to perform. They find themselves not only unprepared to express his ideas, but stunned and bewildered by his violently insisting they must. Not feeling they are the right ones to do it, they are awkward; they creak. They have to toil to make sense, and they move through each dance with a jerk. Yet he dominates this performance so strongly, and makes it so strenuous, that somehow or other it becomes, for most people, impressive. They respect this man Browning. They study him. Browning Societies.

Another poet, W. S. Gilbert, with double the wisdom, has a troupe of words that are gay and light-minded, and full of brisk ease. People laugh: they enjoy this. But they do not form Gilbert Societies.

All the better of course. But when I see them reverencing the contortions, the strong-man-act of Browning, I feel like reminding them of what they miss in Gilbert.

We are having a season of Gilbert and Sullivan again in New York. The Society of American Singers are putting it on, at the Park Theatre. Of course it is as successful as ever. I think Gilbert will last. He belongs to all generations, like Horace. The surest way perhaps to be immortal is to be simply human.

And another thing about his best work is its perpetual timeliness. Each time Pinafore is produced, for example, it seems to comment on the affairs of the day. Sir Joseph Porter, the ruler of the navy, is scolding its officers: he will have no more damns, he instructs them:

> "For I'll teach you all, ere long,
> To refrain from language strong."

His tone is exactly that which our own Josephus Daniels first took. That reforming "I'll teach you!" The eternal civilian in office. Sir Joseph was a clerk you remember; our Josephus an editor. Josephus abolished wine in the wardroom: Sir Joseph, profanity. Both pat their fine seamen on the back and urge them to come up from the ranks. Sir Joseph insisted that officers should add "if you please" to their orders, and if this should ever occur to Josephus he will do the same thing.

But the situation in Pinafore is complicated by Captain Corcoran's status. The Greeks would have admired the Captain. He baffled the Furies. We do not know why they were angry at him, but they plotted his downfall. It was that old trick of Fate's they tried, of raising a man to an insecure eminence, and then pulling the table from under him at the height of his power. They caught many an ancient like this. But they couldn't crush Corcoran. In that great scene, when he learns that he was changed at birth, and therefore is not the captain, how manfully he yields up his rank to the hated Ralph Rackstraw. How composedly he gets into the clothes of that seaman.

I have a suspicion, however, it was a relief. He had made a fine captain—an exceptionally captainly captain—and yet he had never been entirely at home in that rank. At home, you put on your slippers, as it were; you take things with an ease. Home is a matter of course. But "I am the Captain of the Pinafore" was in Corcoran's mind. He felt it too much. He was nouveau.

Beau Brummel too came from a humble station in life, I believe. That was why of course he brought so much gusto to the pleasures of fashion. It made him plan the cut of a coat with more interest than those born to that world. It actually made him its arbiter. He took it so seriously.

Such men have a curious effect upon old institutions. The House of Lords would have died of boredom long since, if it had been left to itself. What has kept it alive has been new blood—and I don't mean the brewers, but the men of parts who have come into its halls from outside, and been so freshly pleased with it that they have toiled to preserve its old standing. They have taken far more trouble to defend it than the really old families. In other words the attempt to democratize such institutions, by letting new men in, only prolongs their hauteur.

It is always the outsider who takes a class or an institution too seriously. Regard, for instance, the proletariat. A reasonable enough group of folk when they're left to themselves. But when an aristocrat joins with them, his zeal is unnatural, and in his desire to aid them he gets things messed up. You can see this in the French Revolution. You can see it today. When Lenine, an aristocrat, or an upper crust bourgeois at any rate, joins hands with the workers, he declares they alone ought to rule.

The same old over-stressing.

Ralph Rackstraw is an instance. As a sailor before the mast he instinctively feels out of place. He *is* out of place; by birth he is the captain, though he doesn't know it. So what does he do but go around proclaiming they all should be captains. An historical type. Feeling held down, himself, he would elevate the whole seaman class. They don't really want it. It is never your natural-born underlings who make extreme claims. It is some natural-born leader who imagines all men should be leaders.

That confounded outsider! He has demoralized not only the workers but the capitalists too, as a class. There was a time when our capitalists were a decent enough, moderate lot. The reason so many are such hogs today is that they are outsiders. If Rockefeller had begun as a capitalist he might have been moderate, but he began as a poor boy, unfortunately. Hence, he has quite overdone it. Instead of stopping his piling up of wealth at some reasonable figure, he has gone to extremes that are preposterous. This may yet wreck the system.

If you run over Pinafore and the Gondoliers and some of the rest of these operas, you will notice, I think, that Gilbert has a strong Bolshevik flavor. But we notice this because we are living in Bolshevik days, and because it is that aspect of life that is uppermost in our minds. Ten or twenty years hence, it will be something else. I don't know what, of course. But if, for example, it happens to be new Freudian concepts, we shall be struck by the insight that Gilbert displays in this field, and the Freudian reasons why Sir Joseph is pursued by his aunts. Or if it is congenital criminality that is then to the fore, we shall be discovering with surprise the new lights that Dick Dead-eye throws on it.

In other words, no matter what any generation is up to, it will probably find something interesting about it in Gilbert. But, no magic about it: he knew men and their institutions, that's all. And men and institutions do not change much except on the surface.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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After the Play

> "You are pleased by the sound of such words as *gondola, vestments, chancel, ermine, manor-house.* They seem to be fraught with a subtle onomatopoeia, severally suggesting by their sounds the grace or sanctity or solid comfort of the things which they connote. You murmur them luxuriously, dreamily. Prepare for a slight shock. *Scrofula, investments, cancer, vermin, warehouse.* Horrible words, are they not? But say *gondola-scrofula, vestments-investments,* and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart, and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second."

THIS passage in Max Beerbohm comes to me at Dear Brutus, J. M. Barrie's new comedy. It is words, not sounds, that most infatuate the Scotchman. Say "mother" to him, or "baby-shoes," or "little curls," or "diaper," and a large tear glissades down his nose. But sounds as well as words do affect sentimental Jimmie. When he says *sob* or *dimple* he expects the world to melt. I think of words that rhyme with them and am calm.

The interesting thing about Dear Brutus is Dear Barrie's infection with the disease he started to dispose of. Most men, he said to himself, are jackasses about the Might-Have-Been. They persist in dreaming dreams and seeing visions. But if they really got their chance with the other girl or the other career, what would have happened? Nothing! "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings." Not our stars but ourselves—"something in ourselves. I see it all clearly." To write a comedy in which the sentimentalizers have their second chance—that is the thing to do, for the enlightenment and entertainment of everyone.

So he may have started, but his "comedy" so-called is really a morality play in construction. In the first act we have the crude presentation of each separate group of characters. There is a philanderer with his muling wife and his romantic philanderee. There is a pilfering butler upbraided by an r-less young woman whose only title to existence is her hereditary one. A good-natured idler and his gentle elderly wife balance a strong-willed woman who thinks she is held back by her self-indulgent, drunken husband. All these people are brought together by a Puck-like host, on midsummer night's eve, and the enchantment that embraces them is the enchantment of a wood in which they are destined to realize their day-dreams. The second act is this hour of realizations, with Puck laughing at their plight in the background.

In transposing the wife and the "affinity," or whatever such a person should be called, Barrie is amusing. It brings enormous comfort to the suburban soul when any love-making outside marriage is set down as philandering, and Barrie plies the suburbanite with reassurance. Still, the soul-mate turned policewoman and the policewoman turned soul-mate has its funny moments. The only other funny moments, for me, were provided by the butler and Lady Caroline. Lady Caroline is now Caroliny, a fly in the emulsion of the butler; and the butler has ascended from stealing rings off week-end guests to the grandest heights of profiteering. In his role as the butler-magnate, Mr. Louis Calvert oozes character. A little less ooze, indeed, might be desirable. But the rearrangement of Caroline, hanging on Matey's neck instead of flying at his throat, is a pleasant compliment to our prejudices against snobs and butlers and profiteers. As Matey and Caroline lie in the wood (fat, self-sufficient Matey lying on the one rug that they've taken from the motor), a phantom of the charm that distinguished The Twelve-Pound Look floats momentarily across the stage. When he is himself, Barrie is not simply on the side of the angels. He is one of them. But there are other times when he is to the angelic as a limp mayonnaise dressing to an upstanding one. And out of such a time came the soft part of Dear Brutus. This is clearest when Mr. Gillette appears in the enchanted wood no longer as the sodden painter married to a strong woman but as a bachelor or widower accompanied by his fifteen-year-old daughter. All the comedy on which the play pretends to be founded, the comedy of our absurd day-dreaming, goes by the board with the introduction of Miss Helen Hayes as the artist's precious child. Miss Hayes is not to blame. She is a young actress who presents the sweet awkwardness and gush and fancifulness of that age with an unusual naturalness, although the curtain-call need scarcely be taken with eyes glued on Daddee. It is Barrie who is guilty of sentimentalism. The artist is a person who goes painting by moonlight with an avid young girl on his arm, and he shows no annoyance or surprise whatever when this exigent creature asks him to "close his eyes," etc. He interrupts his work to bemoan how, in a heartless moment, he had frozen her baby laughter on her lips. That murdered laughter haunts him, that last laugh together! But she is consolatory. Daddee never was cruel, but, Daddee, wouldn't you rather have a son than a daughter? No, boys become huge fellows and then can you take them on your knee? No, you cannot take them on your knee. But you can take your girl on your knee. So Barrie paws over the delights of this "darling snip of a thing" and her adoring father. What happens to the picture, which they badly need to sell for five pounds? (Oh, how they dance around when he earns a fiver, tra-la-la!) Instead of alcoholism, sentimentalism keeps the picture from being painted; but it makes no difference because his former wife, now a woman in the gutter, has to have her scene. She, strong as she was, had her chance to take the other turning with the Hon. Finch-Fallowes, and it led her down instead of up. She staggers into the wood, hatless and slipshod. But how sweet the young girl is to her! Daddee, let's give her the fiver! Daddy, not less sorry for the wretched woman than enamored of his eleemosynary child, does as the child asks—reducing the amount to half a sovereign, however, with a touch of budgetary cunning. It is a scene of prolonged and unmitigated tenderness, prepared for by nothing, proceeding nowhere, based on the sound but detestable assumption that for a large part of the public it is enough for a romantic painter and his child to interchange "darling snip of a thing" or "dimple" or "Daddee" to put everyone in a melting mood. Why does this fellow drink no longer? Because he has a daughter? The answer is tragic, if true. What chance, in the name of Freud, has a daughter so be-slobbered by her father as this one is? She is enslaved to him much more than he was enslaved to Johnny Walker. But what does this matter to a sentimentalist? Barrie swims in the tenderness of the situation.

It is not the tenderness of Barrie's attitude that makes one squirm. It is the indecent exposure of tenderness as a thing to be enjoyed *per se*. Mr. Gillette and Miss Hayes do what they can to redeem it. They try to be intimate and well-bred and jolly. But who are they and what are they? Barrie says, a charming artist and his dear daughter. It isn't enough. When the last act comes, with the restoration of each person to his or her former self, the indulgence in sentimentality becomes obviously ridiculous. The whole

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point of the play, the comedy of our day-dreaming, is lost in this affirmation of the artist's real worthiness. If the pilfering butler had had a daughter, might he too not have proved worthy? Or if the Hon. Mr. Finch-Fallowes had had a son (preferably a son who won the V. C. and sold it to buy his mother ham-sandwiches), might not her hunger have been nobly satisfied?

Dear Brutus is not so much a tender as a soft-headed play. It goes to pieces like an over-ripe pear on this topic of father and daughter. An exquisite relation, you say? A relation seen in the flat, say I, and no more "sweet" in reality than a baby beheld in the subway is necessarily "sweet." My own emotion, in fact, is distinctly unpleasant—as it is when Lob, the old host, pets and kisses his roses. If you like Goldylocks and the Three Bears or Pollyanna, of course, there is no more to be said. But poor Barrie! F. H.

What to Read

IS Sylvia Scarlett a first-rate story? Its admirers become fearfully huffy when you deny it. They say (1) you are a high-brow, (2) you only understand novels with a Purpose, (3) you are a prude. (The familiar insults with which you yourself assail unsympathetic professors who don't like musical comedy). For my part, I was not quite sure I was right to be rather bored by Compton Mackenzie's yarn until I read part of Joseph Andrews the other night. I'd possessed Henry Fielding's novel in the Everyman's Edition for some years, and I opened it out of curiosity as to Henry Fielding. It makes Sylvia Scarlett look like an oversweet Jack Rose cocktail. Unlike many clever writers, Mr. Mackenzie is undoubtedly well read in his own line. He knows exactly what the Picaresque novel is, in its origins. But why not go to the origins oneself? Why not actually read Joseph Andrews, as well as possess it?

If you want the low humor of mis-spelt words, why not try Mrs. Slipslop? If you want the low humor of sexual desire, why not try Lady Booby? Lady Booby's efforts to seduce her footman, Joseph Andrews, may not amuse the woman reader, but may I not say, in the words of a great stylist, they affect me as very delightfully delightful? "'Madam!' said Joseph, 'I do assure your ladyship I don't know whether any maid in this house is man or woman.' 'Oh fie! Joseph,' answered the lady, 'don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a lyar.' 'Madam,' cries Joseph, 'I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for, by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing.' 'Kissing!' said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks than anger in her eyes; 'do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?'" The earnestness of Joseph in defending his virtue gives Henry Fielding continuous opportunity to reverse the rôle of the sexes and to make the Josephness of Joseph amusing in itself. Is that the case with Sylvia Scarlett? I don't think so. I am convinced the book is manufactured picaresque. It is quite amusing, but, there is no doubt, derivatively so.

Professor Cross of the Yale Review, by the way, is about to publish a study of Henry Fielding. This sounds interesting. The Everyman introduction, unsigned but probably by George Saintsbury, suggests that a first-rate book could be written. Classics need to be known, after all, to be appreciated, and one way to get them known is for editors and teachers to whisk away the stale air that surrounds them. That stale air, I regret to say, seems to be in the nature of things educational. It is not so much that the higher learning is underpaid and therefore attracts inferior men. It is rather, I think, that inferior men in underpaid positions of some moral dignity tend to armor themselves in authority and behave nastily to all persons not similarly armored. It's true of professors. The worst professors, the most professorial, were the German gentry, who had to take out most of their importance in self-assertion. When such professors write about the classics they stultify us in relation to the classics. That is why a responsive and disinterested man like Gilbert Murray gets such a hold on keen students. He does not think he is a tin-god. He regards himself as a man among men. He is one of the few professors who brings his own temperament into play in reading and writing about Euripides. Has Wilbur Cross done the same thing for Henry Fielding? It will be interesting to see, because Fielding is worth it.

Arnold Bennett, "the greatest writer of the last decade," is one of the high-priced Englishmen of letters whose articles have lately appeared amid the typographical and political fretworks of Hearst's American. Mr. Bennett sought last Sunday to point out what punishment would fit the Kaiser's crime. He disdained the notion of boiling oil but favored an impartial trial on the count of offenses at sea against international law. After the impartial trial, it appeared, the Kaiser ought to be sent to some place like St. Helena to keep him completely out of mischief. This, unfortunately, is not a literary topic. But Mr. Bennett's style in this kind of article is a literary topic. Why, one wonders, does Mr. Bennett write such an article? His words in a novel like The Pretty Lady are pliant and colored and vibrating. In his articles on public affairs they are leaden and gray. Mr. Bennett is intellectually respectable but emotionally soggy when he tries to talk about international law. His prejudices on the subject of Burslem are saturated with his own personal feeling. They are glowingly authentic. His prejudices on the subject of the Kaiser are the exterior, newspaper-made prejudices of the ordinary unsanguine British Liberal. Why does Mr. Bennett do it?

But why, gloomily why, does Mrs. Gertrude Atherton do it? Mr. Bennett, at any rate, has a scrupulous mind. Mrs. Atherton has not so much a mind on international affairs as a large quivering spleen. From Paris, at cable rates, she now tells us that the French regard the armistice as "a contemptible compromise." "Germany is still mighty boastful, venomous and planning for the next war." "Ten days more and there would have been a victory that would have crushed Germany to the earth, avenged every wrong and ensured external peace for France for a century at least. Is it to be wondered at that they resent the armistice?" This attitude of Mrs. Atherton's makes one wonder if Foch can possibly escape indictment! And yet Mrs. Atherton wrote some good novels, or at least passably good ones.

SALANN.

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Lamartine

Lamartine, by H. Remsen Whitehouse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. Two vols. $10.

THE great political biography is one of the most difficult books to write. The statesman has the habit of appearing either as villain or hero to the student of his affairs. To weave the dead materials into the living frame of a quick personality requires an art that is not merely the photographer's. But the problem does not end there. There are scientific issues to be decided. The handling of evidence, the assignment of proportion, the analysis of motives, the testing of policy, all these require qualities it is rare to find in a single man. Nicolay and Hay buried Lincoln beneath nine impossible volumes. Lord Morley's Gladstone does not explain the sense of bewilderment his hero aroused in observers so acute as Bagehot. In a field that is perhaps by courtesy alone political, Leslie Stephen, in his life of his brother, Fitzjames, perhaps came as near perfection as a man can hope. There the age is clearly defined and Fitzjames is outlined with passionate clarity against it. You feel that no material is wanting, either for understanding or judgment. The doubts no less than the certainties, the criticism no less than the praise, are all present there. Fitzjames is as real in that great portrait as he would be if one had met him in Court, or walked with him in Chelsea as he imbibed the brilliant bitterness of Carlyle.

Mr. Whitehouse has had a superb opportunity, and if he has failed to take advantage of it, there is certainly throughout no absence of enthusiasm. But he belongs to a dead tradition which only a great artist can now hope for a moment to revive. His book is reminiscent of the great days of the gentleman amateur, when leisure and a dignified style could accomplish with adequacy the tasks of history. If the writer were a Whig, he could take comfort in the praises of the "Edinburgh" for the invective of the Quarterly Reviewer. But that joyous day is over. The biographer must choose between the essay and the full-length portrait. He can write a brilliant impression upon a half-acquaintance with the obvious materials like Rosebery's Pitt; or he can solidly set out the ultimate relevant material as in Fournier's massive life of Napoleon. He cannot, as Mr. Whitehouse has done, confine himself to the obvious sources, memoirs, correspondence, debates, and hope to secure the truth. He must dig far deeper into the roots of his period. He must know the thoughts of humbler men than his subject—the journalists, the pamphleteers, the traditions of the clubs. If he does that, he can remake an epoch, as Mr. Wallace did in his life of Francis Place. To avoid it is to produce, as in Mr. Whitehouse's volumes, a solid narrative of what is already known rather than an analysis from which new understanding has been derived.

Lamartine is a singularly picturesque and tragic figure. Among the greatest poets of the Romantic revival, he has a hold on immortality even apart from his political career. As a literary figure, he is the pupil of Chateaubriand and, at least in part, the spiritual begetter of Victor Hugo. No French poet, save perhaps Leconte de Lisle, has equalled the easy, passionate charm of his verses. He is a kind of French Byron, save that his adventures—though he fought the conventional duel with an Italian bravo—were the result of imagination rather than experience. But he was like Byron in a certain swift restlessness and the dazzling rapidity with which he captured fame. If Byron had Greece, Lamartine had Italy; and Graziella shows that he found abundant comfort there. Like Byron, he could be stifled with notoriety and yet remain always an aloof and solitary figure; but he lacked the bitterness and he was never the misanthrope. He seems to have no sense of the evils of existence and his poetry pays such adoration to the things he loves as almost to suggest that he regarded unhappiness as an element in their charm. Most of his aesthetic work reveals rather brilliance than profundity. He has none of the insight that distinguished Wordsworth or the high seriousness that made Shelley a prophet to posterity.

His family seems to have forced upon him a diplomatic career, and almost from its inception he was attracted by the thought of political triumphs. Mr. Whitehouse treats his political history with a fullness hardly warranted by its importance. He mistakes the rhetorician for the thinker, and Lamartine's superb phrases are valuable rather for the tribune than for the study. In politics, indeed, he was no more than a magnificent and dramatic figure. He knew little or nothing of the real currents of thought in his time; and, often enough, his speeches remind us of nothing so much as Shelley converting the world by the distribution of pamphlets from the roof of a Dublin inn. He had a genuine sympathy for suffering, and it is clear that the bourgeois malignancy of the Orleanist rule moved him to a noble indignation. It was, indeed, in that mood that he wrote his History of the Girondins, which is even less valuable than the vitriolic libel of Taine. He was convinced that 1830 involved a Republican government, and his book was the preparation for its coming. He understood literally nothing save what his imagination taught him, so that even Dumas could recognize his work as a masterpiece of fiction. Nettemont filled a hundred pages with errors of simple fact. It was devoured by the populace and created the barricades of 1848. Lamartine became Foreign Minister and attempted to govern the affairs of Europe by fine phrases pronounced from a balcony to the Paris mob. He had literally no conception even of the elements of administration. The technique of diplomacy meant to him no more than the writing of manifestoes, and he did not understand that high-sounding words are not the machinery of government. The things obviously before his eyes he could not see. He neglected Ledru Rollin, and he did not see the possibilities of Louis Blanc. When he applied to them it was already too late; and not even the caresses he lavished upon Blanqui could recover his position. The Provisional Government was broken into pieces by Louis Napoleon; and the epilogue to the History of the Girondins is the History of the Second Empire.

The real truth about his political career has been expressed by de Tocqueville, who worked with him and knew him well, in a single incisive paragraph, which Mr. Whitehouse does not quote. "I have never known," he said, "a mind less sincere nor one which had a greater contempt for truth. When I say he despised it I am wrong. He did not honor it enough to occupy himself with it at all." That is, in fact, the root of the matter. Lamartine seems to have imagined that statesmen are made like poets, in a single moment of decisive inspiration. He had no sense of the arduous apprenticeship that is required. Assiduous study of the evidence was alien from his nature, and he thought to become a ruler from the gossip of the salons and the debates of the chamber. A few noble phrases—liberty, universal suffrage, the rights of the people—were the material with which he worked; and he assumed that government is a simple matter of eloquent words. It is hard to see that he effected any single piece of lasting good. Probably, as he himself said, and as Mr. Whitehouse emphasizes, he had a genuine love of the common people; and to a man who has that genius

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of widespread affection much is undoubtedly to be forgiven. But the ignorance he had taken no pains to remedy vitiated his policy at every stage; and the confusion for which he was mainly responsible led directly to the dictatorship of Napoleon III.

Not, indeed, that his political errors in any sense mar the tragedy of his closing years. His wife was an invalid, his children dead, and, like Balzac, he was buried beneath the mountain of his debts. The empire, indeed, gave him a handsome grant of money; but that brought him only the obloquy of its opponents. He had been accustomed to spend with lavish profusion; and he did not know that even a popular novelist cannot afford to give breakfasts to six thousand people. He worked feverishly to repair his broken fortunes and not seldom with the old magic. He published a universal history of literature in countless volumes; and, if it lacks both critical power and erudition, it is the material for a superb anthology. He slaved at history, romance, journalism; and it is to these pathetic years that we owe the exquisite lines he wrote at Milly upon the margins of his Petrarch. His Political Memoirs have pages of imperishable charm; but they show no appreciation of the perspective of the struggle in which he had been engaged. So low did his fortunes sink that he was at last driven to accept that charity which the city of Paris knew how to offer with effective grace to its men of letters. But, as he himself recognized, he no longer lived; and the man who wrote a volume of his Restoration history in twenty-nine days to satisfy his creditors may well be pardoned his lamentations. Whatever he did hardly secured success; and Proudhon's judgment that he contemplated without understanding is perhaps the best explanation of it. It is impossible not to wish that he had perished in that great moment when his eloquence had destroyed not less a philosophy than a dynasty. For it is the most bitter of tragedies that a man of unquestioned genius should be compelled to survive the glories in which, with so much happiness, he had been proud to share.

H. J. L.

The Soul of Man in Chicago

Mid-American Chants, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

Spring. God in the air above old fields.
Farmers marking fields for the planting of the corn.
Fields marked for corn to stand in long straight aisles.

In the spring I press your body down on wet, cold, new-plowed ground.
Men, give your souls to me.
I would have my sacred way with you.

In the forest, amid old trees and wet dead leaves, a shrine.
Men rising from the kneeling place to sing.
Everywhere in the fields now the orderly planting of corn.

ONE who has seen the Green Corn Dances of the Pueblo Indians will perhaps be reminded of them by these songs by Sherwood Anderson. Not that there is any textual similarity, but that the spirit is the same, even though these songs are written by a man of our own modern world,

A man with clothes made by a Jewish tailor,
Cunningly wrought clothes, made for a nameless one,

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and represent a cry from the heart of American industrialism. For this man the cornfields are a symbol of all that the machines have destroyed, of all that we must win back if we hope to be saved. The songs are passionate in this faith, or rather in this feeling, for the book is purely emotional, and any definition that would seek to give it a "purpose" would wrong it. The emotion is one of struggle, the struggle of the singer to sing, or to live, under the heavy burden of commercial materialism, "hurried and harried through life by the terrible engine—industrialism." It is, in a word, the experience of the soul of man in Chicago.

The book is "cunningly wrought" to deceive those who would define the provinces of poetry, or of rational expression. Mr. Anderson has included in these songs all that the conventional poet usually casts into limbo as unused incidentals to the labor of composition. He has given us not only the refined residues of thought, but all the purlieus and blind alleys of suggestion and association which go to make up the creative process. The result is, of course, of extraordinary psychological truth and fullness, and by contrast it makes some of the work of more conventional poets seem cold and arid. Not that some selective principle did not operate here, too, since it is impossible that it should not have done so. But if Mr. Anderson had tried to write these songs in more conventional fashion, we can imagine that we should have had something very much less moving and more commonplace. Of course, the literal-minded reader will not make headway with these poems, for whom indeed they will often fail to make sense, for Mr. Anderson has included in them all those obscure impulses which do not fructify into action. But this is the way a man

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thinks, or feels, when he is communing with himself, when he is under no necessity of turning his thoughts to account through the stereotyped channels of speech.

Mr. Anderson has, perhaps wantonly, perhaps honestly, led some of his friends, who are also critics, to believe that he knows nothing of rhythm or metre, and one of these critics thinks that if Mr. Anderson devoted a little time to it he might become a real poet. I can imagine that this delights Mr. Anderson, who certainly does not mean that the new song when it comes—the song for which we are not yet ready, as he says in his preface—will be the song necessarily of accepted metrical canons! No doubt this critic would have counseled Whitman in the same fashion.

This soul of Chicago that Mr. Anderson gives us is not one that is kept out on parade, but it has, for me at least, the most thrilling familiarity. Take the American Spring Song, for instance, or that delightful song of the Soul of Chicago, which *is* veritably the soul of Chicago, with this opening impression:

On the bridges—swooping and rising, whirling and circling—back to the bridges, always the bridges.

and with its very combative, characteristic end:

We'll stay down here in the muddy depths of the stream—we will. There can't any poet come out here and sit on the shaky rail of our ugly bridges and sing us into paradise.

We're finding out—that's what I want to say. We'll get at our own thing out here or die for it. We're going down, numberless thousands of us, into oblivion. We know that.

But say, bards, you keep off our bridges. Keep out of our dreams, dreamers. We want to give this democracy thing they talk so big about a whirl. We want to see if we are any good out here, we Americans from all over hell. That's what we want.

There are other poems in the book of a more conventional beauty to which the reader might be directed—only the adventurous imaginative reader need be directed to read them at all; but let him read The Song of Stephen the Westerner, Song of Industrial America, Manhattan, Spring Song, The Cornfields, Chicago, Mid-American Prayer, and if he is not moved by these, then it must be because he is insensitive to something characteristic and compelling in the life of Mid-America, or because of a partial blindness to certain phases of it. There is so much in our life that we do not put into our literature, that has never been put into any literature, and so we leave it out. So much that we automatically leave outside our field of vision even though it impinges on all sides and even thrusts upward at us through the very sidewalks. We pass through roaring towns, with minds set on Helen of Troy.

This book is a distinct contribution to that poetry of Mid-America, or The Great Valley which has sprung up in the last few years. It is only in the last six years that Mid-America may be said to have become vocal in the poetic sense, with the emergence of men like Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson. Is not this growing articulateness in poetry significant of a new order in our lives here, of something different perhaps from that of the Atlantic Coast, or perhaps an intensified continuation of the life that began there? Mr. Anderson says in his brief preface that the time for singing has not yet come to Mid-America, and yet, already, song is here. His own song is more than an expression of a desire for song; it is song itself. Nor can one believe that Mr. Anderson means, when he says that we are not ready for song, that the song, when it comes, will be like the old songs of older civilizations. It is easy enough to sing the old songs; but "who will sing a new song unto the Lord?"

Elsewhere, and in relation to the novel, Mr. Anderson has made a plea for crudity in American art; but what he really means by this no doubt is the need for a bigger and freer form, a greater freedom in every way, to express our life. In other words, let our life express itself and the form will take care of itself. He has for precedent in this belief certain masters of Russian literature. It is in this faith that he has written these songs. And they do not betray his faith.

A. C. H.

Democracy and Peace

Democracy and World Relations. David Starr Jordan. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Company. $1.25.

DAVID STARR JORDAN has figured so prominently in the movement for international peace that most of us have forgotten the fact that he is primarily not a pacifist but a democrat. He is a democrat of the kind bred by the American West, not subtle, not deriving his system by logic from a single general principle, but secreting it, as it were, from a temperament pre-eminently sanguine and generous. Democracy of this kind has faith in itself and in mankind. It feels itself rich enough to grant substantial concessions. It is not greatly disturbed by inequalities of wealth or by even grave lapses in the behavior of its constituted government. Running water purifies itself; so does living democracy, and even under an imperfect democracy it is possible to achieve most of the values to which perfect democracy is only a means, the freed and full development of the individual, the experimental attitude toward life which offers the only possibility of indefinite progress.

Tolerant as he is of the imperfections in the democratic system, the western democrat has no tolerance whatever for its opposite, hereditary autocracy. The more nearly autocracy approaches to its limit of perfection, the more hateful it is to democrats like David Starr Jordan. And so in the days when progressive statesmen of the Atlantic seaboard were belauding the governmental efficiency and the military competence of the German imperial machine, David Starr Jordan was denouncing its principles and ideals as forged in hell. American audiences listened with half indifference to his diatribes against the crafty designs of the pan-Germans, the bloody greed of the Krupps, the perverted professionalism of the German General Staff and Kaiserism which breathed life into the monster fashioned of these elements. All America has caught up with Dr. Jordan's conception of German militarism, now that the monster is stretched dead before us. Where Dr. Jordan's opinion differs from that of the late recruits to the war against Kaiserism is in the emphasis he lays upon the resulting improvement to be expected from democratic triumph. Without further change than the establishment of democracy, international cooperation and peace, he believes, become possible. It was autocracy which lived by war and preparations for war, and by its menace infected even the democratic states with its spirit.

But besides autocracy was not there another force making for war, capitalism, and its concomitant, colonial imperialism? These survive; may they not therefore afford a new basis for militarism, to the infinite prejudice of

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democracy? Dr. Jordan has entertained these questions, but he has faith that they can safely be answered in the negative. Historically, there have been dynastic elements, or their survivals in most trade wars. Dr. Jordan believes that these elements are primary. One may reserve doubts as to the adequacy of the evidence on this point.

But we may agree with Dr. Jordan that with the fall of the last dynastic system in the western world the problem of internationalism is immeasurably simplified. There remain, however, numerous difficulties to be resolved. We must establish a world state with functions sufficiently significant to command the attention and loyalty of the peoples without interfering with the healthy nationalism of its constituent members. What power of coercion shall be entrusted to the League? As a pacifist Dr. Jordan would endow it with powers adequate to maintain the peace. But as a democrat he fears the power of coercion. The League might conceivably degenerate, like the Holy Alliance, into an instrument for the suppression of popular movements.

Another tangled problem is that of the backward races. What is to be done with the peoples unfit for self-government? A "hands off" policy will not do, and tutelage under imperial states has usually meant nothing more than exploitation. Dr. Jordan finds hope in the recent course of American and British colonial policy. America and England have come to recognize the principle of trusteeship in relation to subject peoples. When the world is securely democratic the same principle ought to be recognized by other peoples. Here again Dr. Jordan is perhaps over-confident in the virtues of political democracy. Unless the League of Nations can take cognizance of colonial questions, the British colonial system and the open door may quite conceivably give way to the French colonial system and the closed market.

Dr. Jordan's book makes no pretense of comprehensiveness or conclusiveness. It may best be described as the reflections of a plain democrat, wholly sincere and open-minded, never inclined to dodge an issue or to avoid a difficulty. There are no recondite arguments, no staggering arrays of facts; only a simple and straightforward setting of the essential problems of democracy and internationalism.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Contributors

to this issue

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The school will be open with an enlarged staff and a full program in October, 1919. In the meantime the following preliminary lectures will be offered from Monday, February tenth to Friday, May third.

Preliminary Lectures—February-May, 1919

COURSE No. 1—*The Industrial Transition from the Eighteenth Century to the Twentieth*
Twelve lectures by THORSTEIN VEBLEN
Thursday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

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Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 2—*The Relation of Education to Social Progress*
Twelve lectures by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON
Friday evenings, from eight to ten o'clock

THE OBJECT of this course is to consider the present deficiencies of education as a means of promoting social readjustment. It will include an analysis of the traditional elements in our current system, and attempt to distinguish between those that are vital and those that have become anachronisms in our dynamic age. The great additions to our knowledge of man made during the past quarter of a century will be reviewed, a matter which receives but slight attention in our colleges and universities, and account will be taken of the extraordinary revolution which has during the same period taken place in our social environment, since this, even if there had been no great increase in our knowledge of man, would have rendered a fundamental revision of our educational system essential. Lastly, an attempt will be made to determine the ways in which education should be readjusted so as to forward the reform of existing evils.

Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 3—*Problems of American Government*
Twelve lectures by CHARLES A. BEARD, *Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research and Training for Public Service, assisted by members of the Bureau Staff.*
These lectures will be given at the Bureau, 261 Broadway, and by arrangement are open to students in the School of Social Research.
Tuesday afternoons, from four to six o'clock.

THIS COURSE will deal with the practical methods involved in the development of efficient democracy, including such matters as administrative organization and methods, civil service and political parties, budget making, the relation of government to public utilities and industry, modern social policies involving governmental action, and the growth of specialized functions, such as public health, public works, education, recreation and housing, etc. Opportunities will be given to selected students having the proper preparatory training to engage in research work under supervision of members of the staff of the Bureau of Municipal Research.

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COURSE No. 4—*Habit and History*
Twelve lectures by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM
Wednesday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

THE LONG predominance of habitual conduct over individual initiative in primitive society and in the early empires; the biological and social limitations which tend to foster habit and to develop it beyond its proper sphere; the technique of habit-breaking inaugurated by the Greeks and becoming a characteristic of western society; an effort to appraise the amount of excessive and undesirable habit in thought and action generally connected with such concepts as nationalism, religion, the status of women, etc.

Fee for course, $15.00

COURSE No. 5—*Representative Government*
Six lectures by HAROLD J. LASKI
Monday afternoons, February 10 to March 17, from four to six o'clock

THE CLASSIC system of representative government, as conceived by the nineteenth century, has broken down. It has become necessary to search out new ways (*a*) for the making of legislation; (*b*) for its administration through the civil service; (*c*) for the relating of a newer and wider public opinion to the policies of the state. The new theory of representative government must find means also of giving expression to the needs of producers' not less than consumers' interests. Special emphasis will be laid upon the recent experience of England, France and America.

Fee for course, $8.00

COURSE No. 6—*The Price System and the War*
Six lectures by WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL
Monday afternoons, March 24 to April 29, from four to six o'clock

THE ROLE of prices in modern life. How the war raised prices. How the rising prices affected "economic mobilization." Price fixing. Rising prices and the distribution of income. The effect of peace upon prices, production, profits, and wages.

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Twelve lectures by FREDERICK W. ELLIS
Friday afternoons, from four to six o'clock

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